

# The Nation

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	683	THE DRAMA:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		“The Wonderful Visit.” By	
The Revolt of the Cecilis ...	686	Frank Swinnerton ...	695
Why there Must be Un-		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
employment ...	687	Mary Blunden, Charles L.	
The Only Way to an Irish		Stanford, Richard Langley,	
Peace ...	688	Alfred Wilson, C. E. Jeremy,	
THE GREAT RAILWAY RAMP. By		and others ...	696
S. O. ...	689	POETRY:—	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		A Song. By Margaret Sack-	
Wayfarer ...	691	ville ...	697
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
The Present State of Re-		Our City Editor ...	698
viewing. By A. Clutton-			
Brock ...	692		
“The Scotter.” By H. W. N.	694		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

It is now clear that the Duke of Connaught went to India as a missionary of reconciliation. It has proved a very good selection. Both in his formal speech at the opening of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi, and on less ceremonial occasions, the Duke is doing his utmost to wipe out the memory of Amritsar. This notable speech, after denying that the Empire had ever rested on “force or terrorism” (what a pass have we come to, that such denials should be necessary!), insisted that “the principle of autocracy had been abandoned.” The Duke even used the word *Swaraj* to describe the new era. He felt, he said, “bitterness and estrangement” wherever he went; “the shadow of Amritsar” had lengthened over the land. “He knew how deep was the concern felt by the King-Emperor at the terrible chapter of events in the Punjab.” He appealed to Indians and Britons alike to “bury the past” and “forgive.” We wish we could say that this remarkable royal apology to India, for it was little less, had produced its effect. That is not legible in the news. The streets are still deserted, where the Duke passes, save for an official “crowd,” and the shops are closed, as the non-co-operators ordained that they should be. The Indian Press is quite unmoved, and evidently expects something more than words, however gracious. The Rowlatt Act is still in force, and some of the Punjab prisoners still in gaol. There, it is clear, is the ground on which Lord Reading must work. A remarkable letter sent to THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM by a number of English missionaries warns us that the Montagu reforms have failed to content even the moderates, and pays a tribute to Mr. Gandhi’s immense influence.

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It is hard to draw from the words of Lord Curzon and the Prime Minister, in Tuesday’s debate, any favorable omen for Egypt. The Milner Report will be “laid on the table,” but nothing further is promised. The Government, says Mr. Lloyd George, cannot promise to accept the Report, “even as a basis.” It must consult the Egyptian Ministers (our puppets), and also the

Dominions, and consider its bearing on our future relations with India. That last qualification sounds fatal. Anglo-Indians fear that if Egyptian independence is recognized, even in a very qualified form, India will be less than ever satisfied with her present status. There can, one fears, be little difficulty in interpreting this speech. The Milner Report has been virtually rejected, and that is the meaning of its author’s resignation. Mr. Churchill is now in control, with very different views, and Egyptian nationality is once again to be sacrificed to strategy. The consequences may be extremely grave. The Egyptians are solidly united. There is no dissident minority as there is even in Ireland. Though they are not a warlike people, they understand the force of passive resistance. In one form or another, we may have to face “non-co-operation,” if nothing worse, in Egypt, Ireland, and India at once. These are the fruits of “frightfulness.”

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THE one “bright spot” in the Empire is the Dominion to which Liberal policy has been applied. South Africa has decisively rejected a policy of secession. That is the first deduction from the success of General Smuts, and the second consequence is that he has obtained, what he lacked in the dissolved House, an adequate and stable majority. The amalgamated South African Party has 78 seats, the Nationalists score 41, and Labor is a bad third with 9. There is one Independent, and three outstanding results. Labor met with many disappointments, including the defeat of Colonel Creswell and other leaders. It was only in the Orange Colony that the Hertzogists developed remarkable strength, and there, apart from one Labor seat, they swept the board. The Orange Republic came into the war only as an ally, but it fought longer than the Transvaal, and has been much more irreconcilable. Save for this big local success for the idea of secession, the victory of General Smuts seems to mean the beginning of the end of racial politics in South Africa.

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THE Government have met Parliament in a state of equal destitution as to policy and legislation. The King’s speech announced four Bills of little consequence—a small measure for the relief of unemployment, a Bill to safeguard “key industries,” and stop “abnormal” competition (i.e., to exclude the German goods which, under the Paris agreement, Germany is to be forced to supply), a Bill dealing with the sale of liquor (probably a partial restoration of free sale), and a very nebulous hint of a measure for the reform of the House of Lords. The political comment on this milk-and-water Toryism is that it is too mild either to break up the Coalition or to go to the country on. The realities of the hour are foreign policy, Ireland, and unemployment. On none of these have the Government adumbrated the ghost of an idea. For our part we hope that the whole Opposition—Labor, Liberal, free Conservative—will concentrate on

Ireland. Force having utterly failed, it remains to tell the full story of its failure, and of the fearful damage it has wrought to the national safety and character. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Clynes, and Lord Robert Cecil should go into Committee together, and arrange for a fully documented speech or series of speeches on the *facts* of the Irish Terror.

THE Government have, as was anticipated, refused publication of the Strickland Report, though it was distinctly promised by the Attorney-General for Ireland, and the House and the country understood that there was an honorable engagement to that effect. It is, of course, withheld because, having raised the devil in Ireland, the Prime Minister dares not either report his doings or discourage them. Mr. George had to pass over all Sir Hamar Greenwood's suggested lies as to the culpability of Sinn Féin, and confess the truth that the third city in Ireland was, as THE NATION stated weeks ago, given to the flames by a company of his own Auxiliaries, who openly boasted their prowess, and that for this, one of the great State crimes of the century, seven men have been dismissed from the service of the Crown, without apparently any definite stigma of guilt being attached to them. We presume therefore that the Government will now be compelled to pay the insurance money for which Mr. George and Sir Hamar Greenwood have rendered the British taxpayer liable. The point is of great consequence, and we hope that the Opposition will insist on its complete elucidation.

THE Government have not only refused to publish the Strickland report; they have, in effect, denied inquiry into the abominable murders and shootings of Irish railwaymen in Mallow. They had a military inquiry, which is worse than nothing, for it is an offer to the incriminated party of a chance to shield itself; and we know from the Strickland case that the Government neither does nor will act effectively on an honest and truthful report. The facts are horrifying to the moral sense, and highly inflaming to British workmen. Mr. George hardly disputed Mr. Thomas's account of them, which stated that though none of the railwaymen were shown to be associated with the horrible murder of an inspector and his wife on the previous day, and though some of them were on duty in signal boxes and elsewhere, and in the service of the public, they were treated like beasts of prey or sport—kicked, beaten with fists, revolvers, and rifles, thrown down steps, ordered to carry the body of the dead woman, and, finally, told to run, and in that position shot at indiscriminately, so that four were killed and a number wounded, of whom two died later. Wounded men were fired on, and the usual attempt was made to stop, by intimidation, the report of the crime. Is there anything proved against the German authorities in Belgium which exceeds the atrocity of this action?

At the moment of writing it is impossible to say what may happen. In view of Sir Hamar Greenwood's statement on Wednesday, that the unions could be represented at the military inquiry, it is difficult to see how Mr. Bromley could call his strike. On the other hand, the industrial secretary of the N.U.R. stated emphatically, on Wednesday, that a military inquiry would not satisfy his executive. It would certainly not satisfy either the Labor Party or the independent Liberals after the fiasco of the Strickland report, and Sir

Hamar Greenwood's refusal to pledge himself to make known the findings of the military at Mallow. There is still time to prevent this futility if the N.U.R. and Mr. Bromley's union can come together and act vigorously with the Labor Party and the leaders of the Trade Union Congress. The Mallow case should be made the occasion for the exercise of every possible pressure on the Government, not because the men concerned happen to have the trade unions behind them, but because, given an open inquiry, it might be possible to make the English people understand what the rest of the world thinks of our Irish policy. For this reason the Government will resist an open inquiry with all their might. Therefore, it is all the more necessary to insist upon it.

MEANWHILE, it is a tragic thing that the persistent estrangement between the two unions of operative railwaymen should have weakened the whole anti-reprisals movement in connection with these Mallow shootings. The events described by Mr. Thomas in the Commons on Tuesday, occurring under the peculiar circumstances which he explained, constitute perhaps the most complete and dramatic exposure of the real nature of the terrorism in Ireland it has yet been possible to make. What has happened? Mr. Bromley, beginning with loud threats of a strike, has toned down his daily communications until he virtually admits that a military inquiry, with legal representation for his union, will satisfy him. The N.U.R. officials, having first sent an organizer to Mallow to make full inquiries, present to the House of Commons a much fuller account of the affair than that given by Mr. Bromley, and base on it a firm demand for an open public investigation. The contrast between the railwaymen's version of the affair, and the shuffling of the Prime Minister and Sir Hamar Greenwood, is so marked that the N.U.R. demand has the strongest support of the Labor Party, the Trade Union Congress, and the whole Opposition. If there had been from the start close co-operation between the two railway unions on the lines of the careful policy of the N.U.R., the Government might have been shaken from its attitude of cynical indifference to the right of the country to know what things are being done in its name in Ireland.

"THE murder of Patrick Kennedy and James Murphy, who were found shot in Clonturk Park, Dublin, on Wednesday night last," writes our Irish correspondent, "deserves attention. The point at issue is whether they were in the custody of the authorities after curfew, and there is a definite suggestion that they met their death when in their hands. The unchallenged facts are that they were arrested in a general hold-up in Talbot Street, Dublin, on Wednesday evening, and taken for examination to the Castle. The official account issued from the Castle states that the men were released from the Castle at 9.45 p.m.—a quarter of an hour before curfew—and told to go home. I pass over the impropriety of turning men out into the lorry-swept streets a long distance from home close up to the curfew hour, when all normal traffic has ceased. Between 11 and 11.30 p.m. they were found against a wall in Clonturk Park, Kennedy shot dead and Murphy suffering from some six wounds from which he died on the following Saturday, after making a statement. There is a clear conflict with regard to the time during which they were in custody. Three witnesses, spectators of the hold-up, state that they saw the deceased men in custody in the lorries in Talbot Street at 9.45 or 9.50 p.m. The result of the military inquiry into Murphy's death, held

in lieu of the coroner's inquest, and the deceased man's dying declaration, have not yet been published. Neither, it may be added, has the dying declaration of Mr. William Magrath, K.C. These are clearly issues which deserve probing."

"MEANWHILE, a Parliamentary return should be sought of convictions obtained by the civil courts and courts-martial against both Auxiliaries and the new recruits to the R.I.C., and against special constables in the North-East counties. The newspapers record convictions on offences which range from larceny to bank robbery. I am told (writes our correspondent) there were nineteen cases under review against special constables in Belfast last month. The cases which come before these tribunals are only a flea-bite in the total criminality."

NEXT week the Eastern Conference will meet in London, and if it achieves anything at all, it must revise the Treaty of Sèvres. The Greeks are wisely sending a moderate delegation, under the new Premier, M. Calogeropoulous, who is comparatively *bien vu* by the Allies. It seems at last to be dawning on London that the revolt of the Greek people was against the domestic despotism of M. Venizelos, and not against his foreign policy. The Turks are sending two delegations, one from the puppet Government of Constantinople, which will consist of "Yes-sirs" (*Evet-Effendim*), as the Turks expressively call political lacqueys, and the other from the "rebels" of Angora, which is likely to arrive late. Very interesting is the news that the Aga Khan has been invited to attend, to discuss the Caliphate, which suggests a revision of the Treaty even more extensive than the French and Italians propose. Their main idea is to take the Smyrna territory from Greece and restore it to Turkey. On what principles, if any, Mr. Lloyd George (or will it be Lord Curzon?) proposes to proceed is unknown.

THE bigger this Conference grows, the more startling is the list of the absentees. We hear that Indians are coming, which is quite proper. But Armenians and Bulgarians and Syrians are even more nearly concerned. We do not hear that Bulgaria has been invited to take a share in any deliberations on the future of Thrace. Islam, quite rightly, is recognized as a party to the transaction, but what of Christianity, martyred in the persons of the Armenians? The ex-King Feisul, whom the French deposed in Syria, happens to be in London. Will he be heard at the Conference? Then there are the Cypriotes. Is that wrongful annexation beyond appeal? But, to our thinking, the chief absentee is Russia. Even to-day no one can pretend to settle the Caucasus without her. The day after to-morrow it may matter that she was ignored in settling the destiny of the Straits. To give Constantinople to Russia in 1915 was excessive. But to deny her a voice in disposing of it in 1920 is even more foolish. We welcome, though with decided scepticism, the hopeful sentence in the King's Speech about the conclusion of the Trade Agreement with Russia. The promise is more than a year old. We hope it will not become an annual feature in King's Speeches.

THE only scrap of comfort that the unemployed can get from Dr. Macnamara's speech in the debate on Wednesday, is the announcement that the Government will introduce a Bill to increase the insurance benefit to 18s. a week for men and 15s. for women, and extend the period for which it is paid from fifteen to twenty-six weeks. This is to be done by utilizing the £20,000,000

accumulated under the small unemployment insurance scheme in operation during the war, and by increasing the weekly contributions fixed by the existing Act. The extra 3s. will go only a little way towards keeping the wolf from thousands of doors. With this meagre contribution to offer, Dr. Macnamara talked breezily about the increasing destitution. He had to admit that the whole of the much advertised schemes of relief have absorbed only about 70,000 men, out of probably a million and a half who are totally unemployed. So far from there being any signs of revival, the situation in the big industries is growing worse. Something like a collapse, involving the wholesale closing down of works, is reported in the iron and steel trade, and the issue of notices to scores of thousands of miners to terminate contracts is fast bringing the country to a critical hour in the coalfields.

DR. SIMONS has made a definite answer to Mr. Lloyd George on the subject of reparations, in a public speech, which repeats the refusal to accept the Paris terms, while promising reasonable counter-proposals. He entirely denies Mr. Lloyd George's assertions about the under-taxation of Germany, while admitting that Germany paid much less towards the cost of the war, while it was going on, than we did. He promises full figures for London, and, meanwhile, gives the proportion of taxation to income in Germany as 20 per cent., against 13 per cent. in France. This is a high figure, though much less than the 43 per cent. suggested in the British official "General Report" on German industry and finance. Terms want defining, and it must be difficult, with the mark racing up and down, to estimate what the national income is. Bavaria, meanwhile, has yielded on the disarmament of the *Einwohnerwehr*, and if she is as good as her word this contentious issue may be disguised. She evidently felt that the indemnity issue, which concerns all Germans equally, is of more importance than her own particularist pride. France, which wants to split Germany, is welding it together. Meanwhile, Mr. Keynes, perhaps the best English authority on this mixed economic and political subject, thinks that Germany could pay about £75 millions a year to start with, and suggests that we should assist France to a moderate policy by forgiving her her debt to us and surrendering our share of an indemnity which would only embarrass our trade.

No one who follows any good German newspaper can be in any doubt about the general poverty of this once prosperous nation. Particularly striking is the account given in this week's *Wochenblatt* of the "Frankfurter Zeitung" (February 9th), of conditions in Munich. Facts and figures were collected throughout last year by the doctors for a medical congress. We will pass over the horrifying account of the overcrowding, and translate this passage about the children in the elementary schools:

"A large percentage has no underlinen at all. The lack of footgear is so great that many children come to school barefoot, even in rain and snow. Only 7 per cent. of the school-children can be called well-clothed. As many as 58 per cent. have no underclothes, and 42 per cent. have no underlinen. [We are not sure of the exact meaning in this context of "Unterkleider" and "Unterwäsche."] The percentage which lacks stockings is 37, and 10 per cent. have no shirts, while 22 per cent. wear the same suit winter and summer, 11 per cent. have no shoes, and 63 per cent. only tattered shoes; 84 per cent. go barefoot in autumn and spring. In one family with eleven children there was only one shirt."

How much indemnity and how much higher taxation would the Mr. George of Limehouse days have wished to impose on these families? It is not a very rich "hen-roost."



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE REVOLT OF THE CECILS.

THE appearance of the Cecils on the front Opposition Bench will be generally felt to be an event of consequence in British politics. Its immediate importance indeed is more personal than party-political. In crossing the floor of the House Lord Robert and Lord Hugh do not carry their party with them. They only bring themselves, with the moral repulsion and intellectual disgust which we imagine they feel for Mr. Lloyd George's way of government. Eventually Lord Robert may lead a small Gideon army, representing most of the character that is left to Parliamentary Toryism. We imagine that men like Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Mosley have had enough of the Coalition. It cannot speak for them in any language that a man of conscience can approve, nor offer a single landmark endeared to them by their experience or by the traditions of their fathers. Mr. George's administration is a bad one from every point of view save that of Bolshevism. But we have often wondered why the first revolt against it was not headed by a Tory. What Conservative institution has Mr. George left standing? By attaching all power to his own office he reduces the Monarchy to a shadow. He has half-ruined the Civil Service, which Mr. Wallas calls the great "constitutional check" in England. He largely dispenses with the constitutional safeguards that reside in the rule of the Cabinet, and the joint responsibility of its members to Parliament. His Government repels the refined by its coarseness of tone as well as by its liberal admixture of arrivists and adventurers. It is repugnant to Liberalism and democracy. But its governing characteristic is formlessness and recklessness. Strange as it may seem, law and order mean something definite to a Conservative thinker. He really does think of a policeman as a policeman, and not as a licensed brigand.

We imagine, therefore, that Mr. George alarms the Cecils, and that his way of "carrying on" has at last convinced them that so ignorant a statesman is unfit to govern England. Mr. George helped to ruin Europe because he knew nothing about her; probably when the charts and maps of the new treaty areas were laid before him at Versailles there were not a dozen names of towns or rivers of whose geographical or historical or economic significance he had any idea whatever. In much the same way the Prime Minister is ignorant of England; he handles her anyhow, because he neither knows nor cares how she is used to be governed. But to a progressive Conservative of the type of Lord Robert Cecil this attitude of Mr. Lloyd George is a kind of sacrilege; and if we read him rightly he must be eager to revive the national character and self-respect. He must be equally anxious to restore representative government to something like its old place in the public esteem. Writing in 1908, the ablest modern observer of our political system\* was able to record the "passionate desire" of the majority of the Russian people for a "sovereign Parliament," and to note the striking fact that none of the "Communist" proposals for a "non-representative democracy" had been "at all widely accepted." To-day non-representative democracy rules in Russia; and is the creed of half the Socialists of Europe. As for Europe's one "sovereign

Parliament," it remains sovereign in name only. The House of Commons is almost universally despised, and that is a bad thing in itself. But it deserves to be despised, and that is worse. The Parliament that allows Ministers to govern as if its thought and will were indifferent to them, is unfree, and knows that it is unfree. And a Parliament that bows consciously before the Executive is no Parliament in any sense that the British people have accepted since the fall of the Stuarts. The tied Parliament of 1918 has allowed Ireland to be treated politically as she has not been treated for a hundred years, and it has seen the armed forces of the Crown sink morally to the level of the Thirty Years' War. We say that no English statesmen of the traditional type would have permitted this degradation of the national policy. And it seems to us natural that two able and high-minded Conservatives should have decided to withstand its author to his face.

It was therefore inevitable that Lord Robert Cecil's first shot at Lloyd Georgeism should be fired from the Conservative camp. But we are equally convinced that Lord Robert's future lies not with conservatism but with what for want of a better word we shall call liberalism. And for a simple reason. If the possessing classes had wanted to "conserve" the old Europe, they should have stopped the war—as they could have stopped it—in 1916. It is too late now. The veil of the temple of the old dispensation has been rent; and though great national societies remain, and may be reconstituted from the wreck that the Treaty of Versailles has made of them, the Europe of 1914 is gone, and can never be restored. If it were, with its habits and institutions and moral outlook, it would merely resume the struggle for Empire until it destroyed itself. But Lord Robert Cecil is one of the half-a-dozen men—General Smuts is another—who found the work of "reconstructing" Europe impossible under the conditions prescribed for them, and who ever since have been in a state of revolt against its fruits. It is from this awakened company that hope of the future derives. But in the effort to gather out of the fearful wreck of the war the seeds of a new life and purpose for humanity, the danger for the Conservative statesman will be to go on thinking in the old terms of class and property. He cannot. We dislike making Bolshevism a bogey to frighten statesmen with; but let it always be remembered that if the authors of the peace finally succeed in making it impossible for millions of European people to live, the Bolshevik conception of the embattled force of the proletariat may rush in to fill the vacant space that their folly and immorality have created for it. To-day society has not reached this pass. Public men belonging to the existing order still have the chance to reconcile law with liberty, and productive industry with a richer life for the workmen. But there is no time to be lost.

For the moment Lord Robert Cecil has a simpler and more immediate task to his hand. For the first time since 1918 constitutional England shows signs of recovery from the blow dealt it by the coupon election. There is now the promise of a real Parliamentary opposition. The small Liberal band has gained energy and self-confidence from its guerilla warfare, and the Labor Party, having at last discovered that if it fails in the House of Commons it will fail in the country, has put its best debater at the head of its Parliamentary forces, and its best organizer at the Whip's office. When Mr. MacDonald rejoins it, it can begin to talk to Mr. George as he needs talking to. Parliament, therefore, will revive if only the Opposition can feed it with stuff to fill the people's thought and imagination, and when they see that the kind of man has arisen who can at once recreate its drama and combine the elements of

\* Mr. Graham Wallas, in "Human Nature in Politics," p. 2.



their discontent. If we judge him aright, Lord Robert Cecil will not elect to play a feeble or a compromising part in purging England of the taint of such a Government as that of Mr. George. For a man who not only thinks that the character of England should be high, but who knows as a practical and a recent worker in her affairs, that the picture of her as the worst despotism in the world, daily presented to millions of people in America and Europe as the story of Mr. George's misdeeds in Ireland, is doing her incalculable material injury, there can be no hesitation and no half-measures. He is bound to devote himself not only to the destruction of the Government that thus misfeatures England, but to the raising of the fearfully lowered standard of our public life. *Hic opus*. Once induce the country to think seriously about her business, and her sense of political values, lost in the war, will return, and she will begin to see the world, and her place in it, in their true light.

### WHY THERE MUST BE UNEMPLOYMENT.

It may be instinctive common-sense rather than exact reasoning which has suggested to the masses of the organized workers in this country that the prime causes of the present unemployment lie abroad. A natural feeling that the world's first Socialist Republic ought to have fair play, and a just anger at the follies of intervention and the blockade, may lead them to exaggerate somewhat the immediate gains of a resumption of trade with Russia. None the less, the instinct is sound, and men whose critical faculties are sharpened by privation or the fear of it, are suddenly realizing the causal links between their own distress and the external policy of the Coalition. For "a nation of shopkeepers," our conduct in recent years towards hundreds of millions of potential customers has been reckless to the point of lunacy. Some we have impoverished by deliberate diplomatic action. Others we have blockaded. In Ireland we have burned their shops, wrecked their creameries, and diminished thereby both their will and their ability to demand our goods. In India the massacre of four hundred of our habitual customers at Amritsar has turned hundreds of millions to consider the expedient of boycotting our trade. All this we may hear set forth at Labor meetings, while even the most illiberal of the popular newspapers in the provinces are clamoring today for the trade with Russia and Germany, which they would have rejected scornfully a year ago. The patent fact is that none of the explanations which base themselves on internal policy are in any degree adequate. People who have a grievance against the Excess Profits Duty, or the Wool Control, or the methods of the banks, may blame these things. But the broad commonsense, of plain man and expert alike, turns for the explanation to our world-trade.

Statistics fully confirm this general and growing suspicion. The trade returns for 1920 are now available, and they tell their own tale. It is, of course, concealed in figures which give the comparative values of our exports. These have naturally risen, for the rise of prices has caused, between 1913 and 1920, the multiplication of their nominal value by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  times, as the Board of Trade reckons, or even  $3\frac{3}{4}$  times, if we take the figure adopted by the International Statistical Bureau at The Hague. The Board of Trade has, however, supplied the corrective by scaling down the value of last year's exports to the level of 1913 prices. It results, as a fairly safe inference, that the volume of

our foreign trade has decreased since the last year of peace by 29 per cent. It is obviously the volume and not the value of our export trade which matters when one comes to consider unemployment. It is the fall in the actual number of exported tons of coal, hardware, machinery, and textiles, which means a diminished demand for labor.

One may carry the diagnosis somewhat further, if one studies the shipping or the trade returns, in their relation to the countries which have suffered most directly from the war. Anyone who has the curiosity to cast up, in the shipping returns, the net tonnage of the vessels which "cleared" from British ports, to ports in Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, in 1920, will at once obtain a measure of our own direct loss from the impoverishment of Europe by the war and by the peace. Last year's tonnage was, in round figures, 927,000, while that for 1913 was 10,091,000. In other words, our exports directly shipped to Central Europe and Russia are less than one tenth of what they were before the war. These figures are not an exact measure of all our exports, since much is shipped indirectly, but as between one year and another they furnish a perfectly fair indication. The measurement by values gives only a slightly higher proportion. Thus our actual exports to Germany in 1920 (£21,724,000), when reduced (by  $3\frac{3}{4}$  times) to the pre-war level of values, would have been worth £5,792,000, which is less than one seventh of our exports in 1913 (£40,677,000). Russia and Austria-Hungary are, of course, in these tables, geographical, not political terms, and if it were possible to give the figures separately for Soviet Russia, German Austria, and present-day Hungary, they would be even more striking. The broad fact deducible from both sets of figures, seems to be that our exports to these three countries have fallen to something between a seventh and a tenth of what they were. That in itself is sufficient to account for most of the present unemployment.

The war broke the usual cycles of trade. The boom that set in shortly after the armistice meant that our industry was dealing with deferred orders, and meeting an accumulated demand from the home market, and from distant foreign markets, which it had been unable to satisfy during the war. These markets were soon sated: in relation to them there was over-production, and the slump followed. A recovery may come presently, as regards these limited markets, and some increase of employment will follow. But the immense impoverishment of Europe will still be one of the governing conditions of our trade, and while that is so, there can be no return to the pre-war volume of trade. Indeed, if there is no political settlement with Ireland, and if Mr. Gandhi's following in India remains irreconcilable, the case may become very much worse. We are still without a trade agreement with Russia, though the King's Speech holds out hope of it, and the last meeting of the Supreme Council extinguished the hope that anything adequate will be done for Austria.

Under the best of conditions, and with the wisest statesmanship, the recovery of Central Europe and Russia could not have been rapid. Even in Germany the soil yields only about one-half the pre-war crops, and none of the chief industries seem yet to have reached more than 60 per cent. of their pre-war output. A country in this condition has no real surplus for export. The little that is exported does not suffice to pay for the food and raw materials that must be imported. Indeed, though the full trade figures for 1920 are not yet published, it is announced that the imports of food alone into Germany in 1920 exceeded all the exports in value. Naturally, Germany in this plight can buy very little from us, and

the state of her exchange and the level of wages and salaries alone suffice to explain why her population cannot buy imported goods. Take, for example, the prices and wages of a few months past, since we have not the most recent figures. A moderately skilled English workman, receiving 2s. an hour, would earn a shilling quarter loaf of imported American flour in half-an-hour. A German worker of the same grade was getting 6 marks, *i.e.*, 6d. an hour, and he therefore must work two hours to earn that loaf. At that rate he obviously cannot buy much from abroad. Bread he must buy, but he cannot afford to purchase British manufactures. Such expedients for the promotion of our export trade as State insurance against bad debts may be worth trying, but they do not touch the root of the matter. Though there are signs of a recovery, Germany is, as yet, too poor to buy from us, and one has to remember that if the German mark is down to a twelfth of its pre-war value, the Polish mark has sunk to less than a twelfth of the German mark. What Germany needs is primarily phosphates for her soil, iron for her forges, coal for her industries, and markets for her goods. We have monopolized the phosphates by grabbing Nauru, France has taken most of the iron, and much of the coal, and we have liquidated her export houses abroad. She cannot begin to buy from us until she is able to sell to the world, and that she cannot do till she restores her pre-war production. As for Poland, her trade is war; nothing else amuses her. She is hopeless till she is disarmed, but our only concern is to arm her.

The present position is, then, that the more or less permanent impoverishment of the Continent, but more especially of Germany, means for us the more or less permanent loss of a big market. Unless our European market can be replaced by new markets overseas, this seems to threaten a more or less permanent state of under employment here. With this sufficiently alarming prospect before us, the inspiration of the Allies is to aggravate our own case many times over, by the fatuous invention of the indemnity. It means first of all that with this burden on her shoulders, Germany must set her face like steel against importing anything whatever from us. The whole object of her existence for forty years to come must be to achieve a surplus of exports over imports. If the low exchange does not alone suffice to exclude foreign goods, then she must shut them out by tariffs and prohibitions. The only things she dare take from us are perhaps half-manufactured goods to be finished, like cotton yarn. That market then is gone, as literally gone as though the war and blockade had been prolonged till 1963.

It means, in the second place, that so far from gaining new markets overseas to replace the lost markets in Europe, we shall inevitably lose ground in them as the whole flood of forced German exports (diverted from our own shores by "key" and anti-dumping legislation) beats upon South America, China, and the East of Europe. The thing is so obviously a theme for satire and even for farce, that one can with difficulty take it seriously. It is not properly an English or even a Welsh lunacy. It is a French folly, but the French, as it happens, have little to lose by it. The French do not live by world-trade. The luxuries which they export, wines and articles of fashion, have little to fear from German competition. A high tariff-wall will protect their colonies. We ought to have told them to take their indemnity in building materials and labor, and in the actual equivalents of the things destroyed. As things are, the indemnity means for us permanent underemployment. Mr. Hoover predicted that twelve million Germans will have to emigrate. We wonder how many Englishmen the indemnity will exile!

### THE ONLY WAY TO AN IRISH PEACE.

DURING the last two years Englishmen have watched with bewilderment the strange developments of the quarrel of the British Government with the people of Ireland. They did not understand what Ireland wanted in 1918 nor why she wanted it; they were angry when the new Irish agitation, unsuccessful or disregarded as a constitutional protest, assumed a violent and criminal character; they were ashamed when their Government resorted to murder and arson as a method of restoring order. But neither anger with the Irish people nor indignation with their own Government dominated their minds. The chief feeling was bewilderment. They did not want this quarrel; indeed, so far as the feelings of the English people are concerned, no quarrel, half so bitter or merciless in its methods, has ever been prosecuted by a Government with a nation's blood so little stirred. But if they did not want this quarrel they did not see the way to end it. And all the time they were only thinking of Ireland casually and intermittently: the moral fatigue which follows war had fallen on the nation, and material problems were becoming every day more pressing. So this savage coercion has gone on, growing steadily more disgraceful and more dangerous, with a nation only half conscious of the outrages perpetrated in its name, and not conscious at all of the increasing wrath and astonishment of the civilized world.

We have now entered on a new phase. The nation has learnt a good deal about the facts from the speeches of Mr. Asquith, the very energetic and able campaign conducted by Sir John Simon, and the vigorous and well organized propaganda of the Labor Party which has covered the country in the last six weeks. There is more knowledge and there is more feeling in the country in consequence; in spite of the dark cloud of unemployment the Labor meetings have been remarkably full and passionate. And simultaneously the problem itself is becoming much more definite in character and scope. For several months there was a disposition to put the problem on one side from the expectation or the hope that the Government Bill might succeed. To-day the simplest minded of optimists finds it difficult to believe that an election held under bayonet rule, with Black-and-Tans searching candidates and voters for seditious documents, will bring peace to Ireland, or that the more intensive methods of barbarism which Sir Hamar Greenwood is preparing, will turn Ireland into a quiet and loyal neighbor. The Bill will not bring peace: murder will not bring peace. Thus the issue emerges more clearly, and it now stands out from all the shadows of this bitter controversy as the issue between negotiation and force.

What reasons do the opponents of negotiation urge? They hold that there is something demoralizing to Ireland and humiliating to England in negotiating with a people that has disputed British supremacy by methods of violence and murder. In other words they reason as the statesmen reasoned who brought Austrian rule in Italy or the rule of the King of Naples to its catastrophe, or as the British Government reasoned in 1901 when justifying its refusal to take the course which it ultimately took a year later. On Tuesday the Sinn Fein Parliament made it known that there had been negotiations last December which had broken down because the British Government insisted on the surrender of arms. It was this punctilio that prolonged the South African War by several months, and it was only because Lord Kitchener was much wiser than our politicians that it was waived and peace was made in 1902. Now, what do the purists who stand out for this surrender offer us as the alternative to negotiation?

Let anybody who wants to know the answer study the papers of the last few days. Here are



a few incidents which show what kind of solution they offer us. In one camp two interned Irishmen are shot dead for the offence of talking to other prisoners; a military court pronounces this justifiable homicide. (It does not need much imagination to realize how such an incident would have been described in a report on the behavior of the Germans in the occupied territories.) In County Kerry a farmer is put to death for possessing a revolver; a follower of Sir Edward Carson, found guilty of precisely the same offence at the same time, is fined £2. A girl of 15 is tried by court-martial; two women over seventy, whose homes are burnt to the ground by Black-and-Tans, are sent to prison without any charge. In more than one town the whole male population is conscripted for the task of spying on sons and brothers; a piece of military tyranny which it would be difficult to match in the occupation of Belgium. In another a hundred men are marched out of the town and compelled to fill in trenches; the men are of all ages, and one dies under the strain. In another town thirty residents are removed from their homes and placed in a cage in the middle of the town and kept there for over an hour. Two men are killed in Dublin after being released from prison and provided with a military escort because it is past the hour of curfew; both are shot, one survives a few hours and makes a statement that the murderers are the soldiers of the escort. The Secretary of the Locomotivemen's Union has to threaten a strike because the Government allows its armed servants to shoot railwaymen in Ireland, as Mr. Bromley justly puts it, "as if they were dogs." For centuries it has been the rule to hold an inquest on dead men in England; in Ireland policemen kill workmen and, after a secret and farcical inquiry, it is announced that these men were killed by persons unknown. We warn the Government that the English workman will rally passionately to a fight against this principle.

Now these are typical incidents; they are the kind of thing that happens every week. Thus those purists who object to treating with men who have blood on their hands, offer us as an alternative the policy of steeping our administration in blood. Perhaps Sir Hamar Greenwood remembers that passage in the Ethics where Aristotle lays it down that friendship is impossible when there is great difference between persons in virtue, and he hopes to make friendship possible by removing any such obstacle. Unhappily, the world holds that murder as a system of Government is worse than murder as a method of rebellion, and though there were men at the time who condoned the crimes of King Bomba on the ground that the assailants of his tyranny had committed crime, their view has not been accepted by history. We shall not get off more lightly at the bar of history than did King Bomba, nor shall we escape the practical consequences that overtook the crimes of Austria, and the various rulers who misgoverned Italy last century. No nation will go to war on the Irish question. But the Irish question will give to the ambitions or jealousies of anybody who bickers or quarrels with us a respectable and even a chivalrous atmosphere. We start in every misunderstanding as a guilty party, discredited by the moral sense of mankind. Our honor is the price we pay for our rulers' pride.

For this reason, if for no other, all who care for our honor and our future should press for negotiation. But there is another reason that should appeal to all those who believe in the League of Nations. If we mean anything at all by the League of Nations, we mean that in the new world it is not regarded as undignified for a powerful Government to treat with a weaker people, and that it is not the mark of strength or moral power to

use force to compel assent. There is a strange inability to understand that the world to-day is not the world of 1914. This comes out in the statement so often made by apologists for the Government, that the Irish Act is more generous than the Bills accepted by Parnell and Redmond. The statement is false in fact. The Act imposes conditions that neither Parnell nor Redmond would have accepted. But if it were true in fact, it would take us no further, for it shows that these apologists miss the essential truth that Ireland, like the rest of the world, is not unchanged by the war. To those who believe in self-government the question is not whether this Act is more or less generous than previous Bills, but whether it is what the Irish people want. The Government admit that it is not, and they refuse to make any effort to bring it into relation to the wishes of the people of Ireland. The Dominion Home Rulers have decided that they can take no part in elections to the Southern Parliament. The Government will get no representative Irishmen to serve. Perhaps they will put up Black-and-Tan candidates and declare them elected. This is what self-determination in Ireland has come to. We are reduced to applying the spirit and methods by which Germany gave recognition to the spirit of self-government after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, amid the derisive laughter of Western Europe.

#### THE GREAT RAILWAY RAMP.

A COMMITTEE was appointed last September by the Minister of Transport, under the Chairmanship of Lord Colwyn, to report to the Ministry upon

- (1) The nature and terms of the agreements made between the Government and the Railway Companies relating to the possession by the Government of the undertakings of the Companies,
- (2) The possible extent of the outstanding liabilities of the State thereunder, according to the interpretations which may be placed on such agreements,
- (3) Whether, with due regard to cost, any further steps should be taken to secure that the interests of the State in reference to such agreements are adequately safeguarded.

This was a "Departmental" Committee; its report is made *ex parte* as a brief for the Minister of Transport; it has no binding authority over the Railways, to whose directors it can only appeal, in language so refreshing to cynicism that we shall presently quote it, not to exact their full pound of flesh from a public compromised by the vagaries of official noodledom.

Moreover, the compromised position was the achievement of pre-existing public departments, and Dog, the cynic opines (on instinctive authority), will not eat dog. But it may enliven the paying public, after years of bewilderment and authoritative contradictory statements as to its liabilities on the railways, to have once more explained to it, however guardedly, fresh exploits of the guileless incompetence with which, in the earlier years of the war, the Treasury supervised the financial arrangements under which the State should take control of services and supplies. It is indeed on practical grounds the more agreeable because, unlike most of the reports of the Auditor General, the Public Accounts Committee, Select Committees on public expenditure, and other such post-mortem inquests, this does not come too late to inspire some attempt to save the



public purse from the full spoliation to which its guardians may have rendered it legally liable.

If the railway agreements are interpreted as the Companies claim, the Bill would be £150,000,000. If in accordance with the views of the Committee, as to their equity and validity, it would appear (they say) that the amounts will be reduced to an insignificant figure.

The Committee review the performance of the representatives of the public in their deals with the Railway Committee with so much circumspection and delicacy, and portray with such light-handed and unostentatious touches of irony the helpless bewilderment of these amateurs in their unequal confrontation with experienced men of business, who could not do otherwise than play their hand for the Companies according to the rigor of the game, that much of the significance of this latest exposure might easily escape the appreciation of any but technically-prepared readers. But their conclusions are outspoken and uncompromising enough.

The general black and white of the matter appears in the summary of the evidence of Sir George Beharrell, Director General of Finance in the Ministry, who might be guessed, from internal presumptive evidence in the history of the business, to have been the first adequately qualified official that the Government got hold of to keep up its end. We quote:—

"Witness pointed out that whereas the intention of the Legislature (in the Act of 1871, under which the Railways were taken under public control) was to provide compensation for the Railways for loss or injury sustained from the exercise of the powers for the purpose of meeting a national emergency such as war, that intention has, in fact, by the general trend of these arrangements, been converted into as complete a guarantee as the ingenuity of the Companies' representatives could devise against the Government's action, and all other collateral effects of the war.

"The principle involved by this change does not appear to have been clearly visualised or fully debated at any stage, and as the arrangements were made piecemeal, they never seem to have been fitted, by those responsible, into a portrayal of this conversion.

"There are instances throughout where arrangements or a line of thought—originating obviously from the conception of a short war, or a weekly possession of the railways—have been prolonged throughout the seven years, and have created conditions which cannot have been intended by those who made the arrangements."

Mr. William Graham, too, in his personal addition to the report, unburdens his soul of the truth which his colleagues leave rather to the perspicacity of the reader:

"As originally framed, the fundamental agreement was consistent with the letter and spirit of the Act of 1871, in that it included limiting words which excluded allowance of compensation for what could rightly be attributed to war circumstances in general as distinguished from effects directly attributable to control. But the Railway Companies insisted on the deletion of the limiting words, and under pressure of national emergency the Government gave way (*italics ours*). From this fundamental policy, inconsistent with the Act of 1871, flowed other concessions, the cumulative effect of which was to give the railway companies protection against the general circumstances of the war as they affected British railways. The agreements are clearly *ultra vires*. Regarded as contracts they fail, because it is inconceivable that the minds of the parties ever came together, whatever the appearance of agreement."

Neither Mr. Graham nor his colleagues are anywhere so immodest as to hazard an indication of what may have been their diagnosis of the true inwardness of this incommensurability of the Treasury Mind with the psychology of Railway Directors occupying a position of trust in a public committee "under pressure of national emergency." Their discretion, whenever any question looms possible of the infallibility of the Lords Commissioners or of the competence and gumption of a President

of the Board of Trade is so sensitive that (for example) instead of indelicately inviting some instructed representative of the Treasury to tell them (as it would not be difficult to tell them) how it was that such a transparently obvious swindle as the "Supplementary Agreement as to Stores" was allowed to pass muster, they solemnly inform us that "The documents leading up to the agreement . . . do not indicate with any certainty the reasons which in the mind of the Treasury were held to justify the arrangement when it was made."

They advise that this Stores Agreement should be "reviewed" (which is euphemism for "repudiated") and ignored as *ultra vires* and preposterous. But they have no power whatever to ensure that this shall be done.

The liability of the Government under this Stores Agreement was estimated at £20,000,000, and though this is not the largest of those claims of the companies which, if equitably dealt with, "will be reduced to an insignificant figure," it affords perhaps among them the most easily intelligible illustration of the quality of the intelligence with which public interests were looked after in this business. And it is fairly typical of the others.

If the agreement be carried out the £20,000,000 payable thereunder will, the Committee say, be clear profit to the companies. Is it possible that such a commitment should have been accepted by the Board of Trade and allowed by the Treasury? A little explanation will, we hope, make the situation clear.

The main agreement was that the Government should make up the net receipts for the companies, that is to say the excess of their income over their expenditure, to what they were in 1913. When a railway company purchases stores, it does not forthwith charge what it pays for them in its accounts of expenditure, but to an account of Working Capital and, as the stores are issued for use, makes charges for them to the particular division of working expenditure for the purposes for which they are used, at the average prices at which that class of stores in stock at the date of issue have been purchased.

The railway companies got the Government to agree that at the close of control they should receive a payment in cash sufficient to bring their stocks up to the quantities held in August, 1914, on the assumption that the whole of that quantity had to be purchased at the prices current at the date of settlement. How would this work? Suppose first that all the stores that were in stock at the outset had been used up during the period of control and none left at the end; then the railway companies, having charged all the cost of them in their expenditure during that period, would already have had that disbursement covered in full by the credit allowed for it by the Government in calculating the subsidies required to make up each year the guaranteed amounts of net receipts. So that what the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and Mr. Runciman, on the advice of their best departmental talent, agreed to was to give the companies at the close of the war a gratuitous bonus assessed, for no conceivable logical reason, on the quantity of stores (whether serviceable or unserviceable) which they happened to have in stock in August, 1914, at whatever it would cost to buy (whether wanted or not) a similar stock of stores at whatever inflated prices the market after the war might determine. A gratuitous bonus because, even if the whole stock had been cleared out and had to be replaced at that date (which, of course, could not be the case—necessary stores being continually renewed according to current requirements) the old lot had already been paid for, and the new lot, even were they procured at higher prices, must in due course be similarly paid for when charged to expenditure out of the proceeds of the increased traffic

rates authorized, and meanwhile are an asset of Working Capital.

Or suppose, again, a company had in stock ten thousand articles, say lamps, antimacassars, foot-warmers, which for reasons of economy it did not use during the war, but hoarded. These cost say £10,000. They would now cost, at a moderate guess, £30,000. The company is entitled by this agreement to claim a payment of £20,000; having still all these lamps and the other tackle reposing in its store!

It might well seem incredible that such should be the position, but so it is. With regard to this and the other alleged obligations under this record, the Committee can only helplessly say: "It would be a matter for regret if the spirit of mutual trust and fair dealing which has hitherto characterized both the negotiations of the Agreement and their application were to give place in the final settlement to one of tenacious insistence upon documentary rights. . . . It is unfortunately the case, however, that the conditions which promoted the personal and informal discussions of the Agreement no longer exist. . . . War enthusiasm and the spirit which flowed from it have to a large extent departed, and indeed it is natural that in the changed conditions of to-day the railway companies should be concerned to protect their shareholders."

"Come!—(as the poet inspiredly sang)—  
Come, my Hard Faced children!  
Swift! Spring to your places!  
Swift! to the head of your army!  
Profiteers, O profiteers!"

Which is what the Committee evidently think we have to expect!

S. O.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE talk of a general election this year may be dismissed for the present, for the simple reason that there is no material. The King's Speech certainly offers none. Its substance is an offer of three small Tory Bills—Protection ("a rectification of the Exchange" it is to be called), an approach to free liquor, and a nibbling attack on the Parliament Act. Nothing catastrophic there. There may be another slight erosion in the Liberal side of the Coalition, and that is all. Nevertheless, the situation is really an unstable one. If Cardigan goes from Mr. George, his Liberal day is over; and though he is likely to win with an effort, its close is not far away. The Opposition see the event coming, and would prepare for it. Therefore it is from their ranks that the signs of a broadening electoral strategy begin to appear. It will never do, think the rank and file, to organize for defeat. There must be a victory campaign. Is it impossible, for example, to construct a broad platform on foreign and Irish policy, in which Labor and Liberalism, and a section of the Liberal "Coalies" and free Conservatives under Lord Robert, can unite in principle and in practical advocacy? I cannot think so. Mr. Lansbury, who is of the Left wing of the Labor Party, made a very remarkable tender the other day in the Albert Hall in closing the Labor campaign on Ireland. Labor and Liberalism, he said, should act together to turn the Government out. I call that business. It is, indeed, the most sensible thing that a Labor leader has said since the election of 1918. And there should be a cordial Liberal response. Why should not the Liberal leader make a public offer of joint action, at least on the Irish question?

There is the great political evil and scandal, and therefore the strongest incentive to a common attack.

"WHATEVER happens in Cardigan, Mr. George's domination of Welsh politics has been broken for ever," said a Welsh Liberal to me, fresh from a tour of the constituency. He proceeded to describe the passion with which young Wales had thrown itself into the contest, so much so that if the higher schools and the Universities could have a poll of their own, Mr. Williams would be returned with an overwhelming majority. The same could be said of the majority of the ministers, that great emotional force in Welsh politics, though not of the professors. The contest of feeling between old and young (observable during the war) was always breaking out. For example, the pupils of a girls' school having been invited by a master (a strong pro-Georgian) to write an impromptu essay on a blackboard, an elder girl stepped forward and wrote up "Llewelyn Williams is our man."

THE great topic has been Ireland. If a fortnight ago political Wales had heard little of the prowess of the Black-and-Tans, to-day they are household words in thousands of Welsh homes. The emotion has been profound, especially among the farmers, stirred by such a saying as that of one of their pastors, "What happened to Cornelius Murphy yesterday may happen to Thomas Jones to-morrow." But in the main it is the identification of Mr. George with the policy of reprisals which has ruined him for ever with young Welsh Liberalism, and with all that is most sincere and independent in the ranks of the older folk. Women, says my informant, trembled with emotion at Sir John Simon's meeting, as the speaker told in his clear, dispassionate style the story of the Irish devastation. As a whole, the Liberals, plied with every art of cajolery, and exhorted to stand by the greatest living Welshman, have responded to the mingled call of feeling and political principle, and if the issue lay with them Mr. Williams's return would be certain. The sole calculation of the Georgians is on the fraction which can be detached from the Liberal mass, to back the solid Tory vote. If David can count in a sufficient quota of the chosen people with his Philistine friends, he is safe. A third of the Liberal vote would be enough for his purpose. Such a betrayal must be fatal to him as a popular leader. But it may just save him in Cardigan.

I SPOKE recently with a highly competent visitor to Ireland, able to present its affairs in the light of knowledge and intelligence. He said, in effect: "Ireland will never give in to such an outrage as your Government has made of English rule, nor will she put her neck under any yoke of humiliation that the Government may devise for her. She would rather perish. Nor is she frightened. Men and women get used to living even under the constant fear of death (and with your Black-and-Tans and Auxiliaries no one ever knows what will happen to him on his way home or in his bed). And she has allies of which you hear little. Take Ulster. Ulster is unhappy, and well she may be. The reports of travellers as to the boycott of Ulster's goods, and the withdrawals of deposits, amounting to millions, from Ulster banks, threaten ruin to her industries. Not that the Catholic people are irreconcilable. I reckon that 80 per cent. in North and South are for a settlement on the lines of Dominion Home Rule. The young men stick to the idea of a Republic, and are willing to be the martyrs of their faith. But they would not obstruct a Dominion settlement if it were honorably negotiated with Dáil Eireann."

"But what can England hope to gain from the conduct of her forces, as we Irishmen hourly see, note, and criticize it? Do you value discipline in your Army? It is going fast. The other day I saw an officer put his head into a railway carriage full of soldiers and ask them whether they were going on to Dublin. No one saluted. One man jerked the cool reply over his shoulder—'We're going on,' and that was all the satisfaction the officer could get. As for what we suffer, the military attitude with which we are most familiar is that of your soldiers' hands in our pockets. Family silver, portable household stuff, or the loose notes and coin in the wayfarer's or the tram user's purse are forfeit, and when that is all we lose, we thank God that we have to deal with Regulars, who are often quite nice, and not with the Auxiliaries or the Black-and-Tans. But there must be few of us who do not come up against your *corps d'élite*, the more fearsome agents of your will. I happened to be staying in a religious establishment to which was brought the news of the murder of one of the most promising of its students, a charming boy of seventeen, innocent of politics, but still beaten to death on the road while on his vacation for the offence of having a father who was a Sinn Féiner. Imagine what our thought of you is as a country and a part of the civilization to which, remember, we Irish rather specially belong."

Thus, in effect, spoke my friend.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES's visit to this country was almost wholly concerned with the development of the Irish situation in America and some recent incidents in it. It may be assumed that in the light of these facts there is no hope of an agreement on armaments.

THE Government is not wanting in assurance; yet when its deeds are reported to other lands and peoples, the violet cannot match it for seclusiveness. Take our old friend, the Censor, still (I regret to say) at work on THE NATION from his new headquarters on the Nile. As a token of his skill I receive through the Egyptian post a sadly ill-treated copy of THE NATION of December 18th, 1920. I gather that his preoccupation is with Ireland, of which, as it happened, that particular issue of THE NATION was rather full. Ireland, therefore, being at that moment (as at this) calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of the Egyptian young person, must be presumed not to exist. Accordingly, four articles, one a mere citation of orders of the day issued from the Black-and-Tan headquarters in Cork city, are suppressed altogether. On the fourth, indeed, the Censor appears to have been of a double mind. His first thought was amendment. So our rather blunt affirmation that "we could not keep our word to Ireland," was edited down to the more obviously acceptable truth that "we could not keep the peace in Ireland." But a further perusal of our iniquities seems to have convinced him that the article could not be improved, even by making nonsense of it. So out it came, leaving only an academic article on Europe, with a regrettably pacifist leaning, entitled "The Nemesis of Force." Over this the Censor seems to have lingered long. But he came to a masterly decision. The Egyptian Press might not adopt the article for their very own. But he permitted them to quote it as from THE NATION, possibly with the wily intent to create the impression that THE NATION was freely circulated in Egypt. If so, I hasten to undeceive her.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"The Commissioner of the Dominion Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, regularly sends me the leaflets issued by the Canadian Government for the purpose of conserving their bird population and educating the people both as to the æsthetic and agricultural value of bird life. The annual loss of crops and trees due to insect ravages is 700 million dollars in the United States, and 125 million in Canada. Elaborate statistics are issued showing that for Massachusetts alone the birds consume 21,000 bushels of insects every day, while 887,000 tons of insect pests are destroyed every summer by birds in the single province of Manitoba. The work of the Dominion Parks Branch extends far beyond the publication of statistics of this kind. They have recently issued a special appeal, written by the Ministers of Agriculture of Saskatchewan, Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, to the country people to protect the birds; they instruct them to spare the natural bluff and thickets, to set out windbreaks and shelterbelts; to put up bird houses, nesting boxes, and feeding trays; to give them water baths, and to supply them with seed, &c. This most enlightened and educative work is a glaring contrast to the stupidly destructive or merely indifferent attitude of our own Ministry of Agriculture during recent years. It would be utterly impossible, for instance, for so fatuous an outcry to be made in Canada as has occurred this week in England—namely, that our winter birds ought to be killed because they eat holly and mistletoe berries. And the mistletoe is specially adapted to be eaten by birds as its only means of dispersing its seeds and so propagating! In Canada, holly and mistletoe would not only be left, but actually grown for the birds. A Government so humane, progressive, and concerned for the welfare of its people as that of Canada deserves our recognition and gratitude, and that is my reason for sending the readers of THE NATION an account of its activities in bird protection."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE PRESENT STATE OF REVIEWING.

NEWSPAPERS are a danger to society for this, among other reasons, that, being articles of commerce, they can exist only by the pretence that they are not articles of commerce. If I read a newspaper, it is because I hope to be interested by it; and I could not be interested if I knew that it was expressing, not its own opinions, but what it believed to be mine, so that it might induce me to buy it.

I am now concerned with this evil only as it affects reviews of books; and I am writing to say in print, what all writers assume in private, that most reviews now are worthless and, what some may deny, that they are growing worse with the general deterioration of the Press.

They are worthless, not so much through the fault of reviewers, as because the Press exists by pretending to be what it is not. Thus, it reviews books under the pretence that it has opinions about them which it wishes to express; but, in fact, it does not review them for that reason, nor does it know clearly why it reviews them. It has a notion that its readers wish to read reviews, and that they procure publishers' advertisements; but, at the same time, it sees small commercial value in them, grudges the space for them, and pays the reviewers as little as possible. And it is able to pay them very little because there are many people who like reviewing, when they begin it; it seems delightful to get a book for nothing and even to be paid for reading it; and it gives them a sense of power to see their opinions in print.

But, if they have no gift for writing, they are at the mercy of their employers, who have no interest in



literature and no desire to express right opinions about it. So they either give up reviewing, or become hacks who are employed because they write quickly and for low wages. Most reviews are done by these hacks, and they have certain vices which anyone practised in reviewing can detect at a glance. I flatter myself, for instance, that I can usually tell if a reviewer has read the book he reviews, whether it be my own book or another's; and hack reviewers cannot read most of the books they review, for they can earn a living only by reviewing more books than they have time to read. Put if you review a book without having read it, your aim is, not to express a just opinion of the book, which is impossible, but to conceal the fact that you have not read it; and it is this effort at concealment that betrays you to the experienced. For there is a general caution in your statements, like that of a boy who tries to answer the questions in an examination paper without knowing the answers; and this caution is easily recognized. There are also two particular expedients no less easily recognized and constantly practised. One is to read the preface and paraphrase it as your own opinion, or, more rarely, as the opinion of the author with which you disagree. So there are some authors who write their prefaces for reviewers; the preface is the review which the author suggests to the critic who has not read his book; and often the critic, grateful to the author for saving him trouble, chooses the forced card and says what is desired in his own vague paraphrase. But it requires some art and pains to write a review-preface; for it must be made very clear or the reviewer will misunderstand it and say the opposite of what is intended. And, if it is made too clear, he may resent it and quarrel with the author about it. Reviewers, being underpaid and overworked at a futile task, are apt to be ill-tempered; they have the unconscious malice of futility and will vent this on the author if they can. So the review-preface is seldom worth the trouble that some authors take with it.

The other expedient is to read, not the book, but a review of it in some one of the very few weekly papers whose reviewers are believed to read the books they review. Sometimes, I have been told, an editor will send with a book the review of that book from the ———, so that his own reviewer may get his job done as quickly as possible; but this is only hearsay. Being curious about such things, I have myself traced a remark, made first in the ———, through other reviews, and a remark of such particularity that it was not likely to be repeated by coincidence. I have noticed this so often that I am sure this practice must be common.

Of course opinion thus repeated is misleading. Readers suppose it to be the opinion of many when it is the echoed opinion of one; but that is only part of the general delusion fostered by newspapers, that their opinions are their own and expressed because they wish to express them. A reviewer's opinion is seldom his own, and is usually expressed because he must say something if he is to get his review written.

One change I have noticed lately which, I think, is for the worse. It used to be a rule with reviewers not to abuse a book they had not read. This came, no doubt, partly of caution, partly of a desire to be as fair as they could be in reviewing unread books. So they would praise in general terms according to the reputation of the writer, or say nothing, also in general terms and with a judicial air. But now reviewers, because they think such generalities will betray them, or because they share the increasing recklessness of the Press, or because they wish to show spirit, are apt to abuse books they have not read as fiercely as if they

had read and understood them. Very likely the editor encourages them to show spirit; just as he himself, when writing a leading article, tries, for commercial purposes, to simulate the symptoms of conviction, so he likes his reviewers to simulate them, which they can do most easily by invective. And reviewers lately have acquired an unexpected skill in a kind of abuse which does not prove, except to an expert, that they have not read the book they are abusing. But if a writer has any skill at all, he would use it better in expressing knowledge than in concealing ignorance.

Writers, I think, are not much troubled by these reviews, nor do they much affect opinion; their real evil is the evil of waste and the impression of a general futility which, like all waste, they produce. Think, for instance, of the phrases from reviews which publishers quote in their advertisements. They are praise, of course, and what praise! It is strange that publishers should be at the expense to quote them; for who would buy a book because a reviewer said that it was racy and readable, or thoughtful and scholarly? "Mr. Jones's thoughtful and scholarly verses," "Undeniable charm of style," "A notable contribution to contemporary thought," "There is not a dull page from cover to cover," "We can confidently recommend this brochure to all who are interested in a question that is now exercising the minds of all thoughtful men." These sentences have actually been traced by pen on paper, and then printed, and then reprinted by the sanguine publisher. I would rather write the modern kind of modish advertisement; for there is, I suppose, some kind of obscure science in the advertisements; they must be tested by sales, but I cannot believe that these reviews ever sold a volume, or prevented one from being sold.

But even their own waste and futility is not the worst evil of these commercial reviews. Worse still is their indirect effect upon reviews not merely commercial; for they set a low standard against which these other reviews often react with blind violence. Because the commercial reviews are written by elderly hacks, the other reviewers aim, not at telling the truth about a book, but at proving that they are not elderly hacks; they waste their energy in simulating what they take to be the symptoms of youth. There has lately been a general desire among established writers—a desire no doubt noble in itself—to encourage youth at all costs; and it has had the unfortunate results that are always produced by indiscriminating charity. It has evoked a number of impostors who live by pretending to be young, and who write not only "young" irregular verse but also "young" reviews in uncommercial, and sometimes even in commercial, papers. Youth, according to their formula, is ill-tempered, incoherent, disgusted, and often disgusting, with a turn for pessimism and garbage; it is always facing the ghastly truth about life with a cynical smile, and shattering the delusions with which the elderly hide that truth from themselves. In the world, of course, one meets many kinds of youths, most of them quite cheerful and well-mannered; but these do not seem to be writing. I wish they would rebel against the present literary formula of youth and the ageing impostors who maintain it. At present real youth, that is youth under thirty, seems to be intimidated by this formula; in fact, it enjoys itself and admires many things, but it dare not say so in print; I believe there is a great future for the first bold youth who will write to say that he likes something. If you are young and depressed, well and good, or bad; but to pretend that you are both, when really you are middle-aged and might be quite cheerful, is to be a bore.

This is not a digression. What a critic needs is a sense of justice, a knowledge of literature, and the power to distinguish good writing from bad. One does not expect any of these in commercial reviews; one seldom finds them in reviews that are not commercial. The "young" reviewer speaks with contempt of Wordsworth, perhaps, or Swinburne, just to show that he is young and no worshipper of old idols; and then he praises some scribbler of to-day who cannot write at all. This may be log-rolling—that is the charge always brought against incompetents who praise each other—but it is, probably, just incompetence, which always judges by irrelevant symptoms and which, at the present time, thinks that to write *vers libre* about a dead cat floating down a stream is a symptom of genius.

It will, no doubt, be said that I write thus because I, myself, am not well spoken of by reviewers; as a fact, I get more praise from them, of a kind, than abuse; but that does not matter. The only question is: Have I spoken the truth about them, and, if I have, does it matter? I think it does; I think criticism is important, and that literature suffers from its present incompetence. That is why I have written this article.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

#### "THE SCOTTER."

WE had a peculiar and senseless habit in Oxford of transforming names and words by adding "—er" to them. In Holland's case it would have been natural to call him "The Hollander," and suitable to have called him the "Fliegender Hollander"; but among us all he was invariably known as "The Scotter." Partly it was affectionate intimacy, but also it somehow gave the impression of speed. Speed, impetuosity, a mighty rushing wind—those are the ideas which his name still calls up to my mind. Body and soul seemed always to be going full gallop, as though the Holy Grail were just in sight, and he might hope to catch it, if only he could run fast enough. He appeared to be always brimming over with the exhilaration of a chase. Hedge, ditch, and rail—nothing could stop him. Shouting he swept over them all, just as with a shout he used to leap the brooks and gates when he went with jumping parties out through the Oxford meadows towards the upper river.

Mr. Stephen Paget in his fascinating Memoir "Henry Scott Holland" (Murray) mentions that some years ago I described Holland's way of going up Christ Church Hall, "springing over the ground like the feet that bring good tidings, and the whole young High Church party, in imitation of him, seemed to leap for joy as they walked." It is a true description—true in the speed and joy; true also in the infectious influence of the man. Joy in bringing good tidings, that was his life. I have never met a more joyful person. He was born happy, just as he was born Christian. He could not help it. Birth gave him a vitality invincible, at all events up to the last year or two of a fairly long life, when body began to fail the spirit a little. As Mr. Paget, so skilled in biography, and knowing Holland so well, somewhere says of him, "he had an everlasting delight in his own existence." When he was still quite young, he wrote of himself, "I suppose I have got some gush of naked humanity that will always be with me." The very look of him recovered one's spirits. He looked like a humorous monkey (his nickname at Eton); but a monkey that had unexpectedly acquired a soul. There was even something childish and naïve in his pleasure over innocent creatures and things; as when, in crossing a Welsh brook one Sunday morning, he stopped with clasped hands and cried, "Oh, I say,

just hark at the dear little water saying its prayers!" In Holland his humor could carry off that sort of gentle silliness. But in the mouth of his many imitators it drove one to distraction. And if the Franciscans imitated their Saint like that, I do not wonder the Dominicans detested them. Walking once across an Oxford field with me, one of Holland's disciples exclaimed, "Oh, look at the calf! Dear little calf! God's calf!" As though he had been a priest of Apis and had suddenly discovered the sacred mark upon the creature's tongue.

I take it on trust that Holland was a great philosopher and theologian. I take it on trust from Bishop Gore, who, no doubt, may be trusted in these matters. In a special chapter which he contributes to Mr. Paget's Memoir, he writes:—

"He was a great theologian, and the theology to which his whole soul responded was the theology of St. Paul and St. John, and of the great Greeks like Origen and Athanasius. In them he found a theology which, while it insisted with all its force on the doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ, very God in very manhood, insisted also on giving to that person an interpretation which was nothing less than cosmic and humanitarian in the widest range of the terms."

And yet in his lectures, though he soared into planes of thought where a concrete and sceptical mind was usually unable to follow him, I never regarded him quite as a philosopher; not in the same sense as Thomas Green was a philosopher. And that, not merely because I could sometimes understand a sentence or two of Holland, but of Green I never understood a single thought, though I attended his Balliol lectures persistently, often being "gated" for breaking out from Christ Church to attend them upon Saints' Days, when we of the House were supposed in the morning to go to Chapel or go to sleep, but never to do anything else. During Holland's lectures upon Plato or St. John, being thus incapable of absorbing his philosophy or theology, I was driven to take greater interest in watching the energy with which he dashed to and fro across the lecture-room, lashing his gown about as a leopard lashes his tail, turning his back upon us while he prodded the blank wall with his pencil or drew little pigs with curly tails upon it, and then swinging round to face us with an irresistible smile, eyes radiant with inspiration, and lips from which poured the eternal and incomprehensible verities of the Logos and the Platonic Idea.

Bishop Gore describes him as "throughout life rationally orthodox," and certainly that was true. For many rationalists thought him irrational, and many orthodox thought him unorthodox. I suppose one of the greatest griefs in so happy a life, perhaps the very greatest, was his separation, when he became ordained, from his Balliol tutor, Thomas Green, the philosopher, and his Balliol friend, Lewis Nettleship, that noble and philosophic mind. When he and Holland were both about twenty-three, Nettleship wrote:—

"It is no good: things cannot be as they have been—though it is like burning one's tongue to say so. It has been coming on like a great cloud, and now it has come. We shall have to go different ways, and they will get farther and farther apart, or seem to do, the farther we go. You will take orders, and have to think me all wrong: you won't be able to help it: the world will make you. And there will be no more real communion on the real things of life, the length and breadth and depth and height. When we meet we shall talk different languages, and there will be no time to interpret ourselves to each other. In another world perhaps we may meet as once we met. I don't think I shall ever make such another friend."

Thomas Green wrote to the same effect: "Speculative difference about supreme interests may, even to men who love each other, well make serious intercourse difficult." Nettleship destroyed Holland's letters after



this parting of spirit, all but one, written some fifteen years later, in which Holland says:—

"Bless you, dear old Nettle, bless you again and again for the touch of old days and delicious memories, in your letter from Snowdon. I can't say what a deep joy it was to me. How we used to love to record mere sights and sounds! That is the time when friendships are making that last deep as life. They never cease, though active intercourse may drop. Always they live on, and any touch revives them. They are like walking, skating, swimming. Once we have found the balance, the poise, it is found for ever. It needs no use or practice to sustain it. In a moment, as I read, I am with you, as of old. I knew the old tingle; I responded with the old delight."

Spiritually, those were terrible times; youth was as deeply concerned and as profoundly divided over religious beliefs and religious doubts as it now is over the kinds of Socialism or the discoveries of Psycho-Analysis; and the question at issue was, for the individual soul, of still more poignant import. Never having been a philosopher or a theologian, I cannot discuss the position of Holland, who was both, as we are assured. Pragmatism was in those days unheard of in Oxford, but I now think there may have been a good deal of the unconscious Pragmatist about Holland, for I remember him saying once in conversation that the truth of Christianity was partly proved by the spiritual satisfaction it gave to a deep longing in the human heart. And in a letter to his younger brother about that time we find the following sentence ("Dickie" Shute was a Christ Church don, equally distinguished as an Aristotelian, a dog-fancier, and a terrifying satirist on the stupidity of his pupils):—

"But this is enough jaw—I only wanted to say that every formula of Shute's philosophy paralyzes my life, every formula of Plato's quickens it, though often I know not why, though often it seems illogical—and it is this which is the final test of all philosophies. Do they, or do they not, answer to our life?"

In those days we cared little about the side of life that was so soon to absorb us all—the Social Question, the problems of citizenship, the meaning and practice of Socialism. But in Holland's mind the question was already murmuring with persistence. Some years before he was thirty, he writes that "the resident tutors at Oxford ought to get woke up to a sense of life and death and the old 'primal sympathies'; also they ought above all to have touched the new spirit of irregular democracy and to know what it wants, what it feels the need of, but is angry at finding no satisfaction for." After his first sermon in St. Paul's (1873), he wrote to the present Bishop of Winchester, "I cannot but see 'self-complacency' as the real clerical vice: the self-complacency of knowing that you at least have explained life quite easily, and can only pity those who find the answer to the riddle so hard to find." Strange thoughts in the Oxford where one of our number, as Mr. Paget records, was capable of saying, "The difference between the working man and us is that we can explain him, but he can't explain us"! Yet out of Holland's idea (derived very likely from Green unconsciously) arose not only his own meetings in Hoxton, his "Christian Social Union" and its inspiring paper "The Commonwealth," but all those "Settlements" and colonies in poverty-stricken regions which have proved so instructive and advantageous to many of us University men. If I had to fix upon Holland's one particular service to his time, it would be that he dragged his reluctant University, and even his Church, by the scruff of the neck out into the open from their fugitive and cloistered holes, and convinced his followers that only by action in the storm and stress of the world can doubts be dispersed and the personal soul "find salvation."

"A self-centred life is a hopeless curse," he wrote in much later years: "it is doomed to sterile pain. One

must break out of it by violence, if circumstances tend to create it. Anything to get out of the ring-fence of self-preoccupation." That was the underlying purport of so many among his sermons in St. Paul's—those rushing sermons like electric tempests or swinging swords. Out they poured, adjective scrambling on top of adjective, sentence leaping and bounding after sentence, loosely coupled up with emphatic "ands," like camels striding across the desert tied head to tail. Formless they sometimes seemed, enthusiastic rather than reasoned. But if you took notes of their course, as I did for some years, you perceived a definite line and purpose, and even an untheological outsider could make both head and tail of them all. Compared with Holland, even Liddon's silver-trumpet of rhetoric appeared cold and old-fashioned, concerned with matters that concerned our world no more. But Holland's was a living Word.

H. W. N.

## The Drama.

### "THE WONDERFUL VISIT."

THE quality which above all others has marked the work of Mr. H. G. Wells is his disinterested love of humanity. It is not a detached interest; nor is it purely sentimental. Mr. Wells grew up to a world already standardized, and just as if earthly populations were bricks or toy soldiers he felt vehemently the impulse to make with them things of which their manufacturers had never dreamed. Not for nothing did Mr. Wells turn tin soldiers and cannon into floor games and war games. He has a unique gift for seeing things in the large and experimenting with them. No floor is wide enough to give him a free hand with the universe, but he would not shrink from the task itself. This great rapidity of improvisation, and an unusually comprehensive view, has in Mr. Wells taken the place of tolerance. He is not tolerant. He is intolerant, because tolerance is indifference. He very passionately cares, not only what happens to himself, but what happens to the world. Until a World State is established, he can never be satisfied with the social order, and so he will be perpetually in opposition to all but a few rulers. He is a genuine and instinctive idealist. This trait has for many persons (not for myself) ruined the novels of Mr. Wells. The novels, in this view, represent a sort of revolutionary artistic chaos, in which education swims about like fat upon the surface of a stew. They are "not novels," but are merely the boiling over of Mr. Wells's provoking humanitarianism. And it is not even humanitarianism as we know it from "The Humane Review" and "The Animal's Friend"; but humanitarianism devoted solely to the human species. In effect it is an incessant plea for the education of humanity in the art of humanity. Education for Mr. Wells is a means to the World State, to a universe in which there shall be a common knowledge, and therefore a common understanding. It is a great dream: who shall say it is an unrealizable one?

Education is Mr. Wells's way out of the present mess of hate and cruelty. He has preached education as long as he has been writing books at all. But as he is one of the few serious writers with a pervasive sense of humor he has, except in controversy, recognized the contrary of his own belief. Loving humanity, he has known that human beings will resist education to the last ditch. They do not want to be clean and kind and full of knowledge. They desire to remain stupid, fornicating creatures lost in slime and malice. Mr. Wells has sometimes been like an angel newly arrived upon a ready-made earth, and rebuffed by the ugly love of baseness which he finds in his fellow creatures. He has exhorted his fellow creatures to accept his views. They have chattered angrily, and called him by that last name of contempt—"novelist"—as though the novelist did not, as a rule, supply them with all they know of real life—and real ideals. Mr. Wells has become rude to his fellow



creatures. He has so far forgotten his own gospel as to strike back. That is the allegory of "The Wonderful Visit." The vicar of the author's imagination dreams in the dramatized novel of an angel who comes to earth, and who gradually loses angelic sweetness through contact with such ineradicable cruelty as he finds in a country village. The angel becomes, from a creature to whom the words "pain," "hate," and "death" are incomprehensible, a human being who feels pain, is moved to hate, and must experience death before he can recover his angelic peace. While he is still an angel he asks many pointed questions about contemporary life, and creates great disturbance in the neighborhood; but even from those to whom he intended most good he hears at last that although he meant well he has put them by his well-meaning into a worse position than before. The poor angel is not disgraced, but he is beaten; and only Mr. Wells's humaneness leads him to expect a different reception for later angels in an improved world.

A humane play on the London stage is something of a novelty. We have had, of course, "The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," but the interest of these was for an emotional and religious public. Mr. St. John Ervine has taken Mr. Wells's novel in the spirit in which it was written, and his play, based upon the book, is a moral, but not a religious play. It is still a fantasy, in spite of one or two disgusting tableaux. The vicar goes to sleep, the angel appears, and all that follows is hallucination. Besides taking the book only roughly as his theme, Mr. Ervine has changed the period of the play, so that it belongs to the present moment. It has become incidentally a play about a war profiteer, about a war baby, about post-war conditions. But it remains a humane play, because Mr. Ervine has preserved the intention of the original. He too, perhaps, has learned that angelic sweetness gradually gives way before aroused indignation. The play is hampered as a play by the fact that a novel is the creation of many moods, and affords greater scope than does the drama for their technical reconciliation. It is not to be remembered as a homogeneous structure, but as a collection of ingeniously handled and related scenes. Some of the changes, also, from grave to gay strike one as too abrupt, and the general dramatic action is unavoidably irregular. But the play as a whole is a fine entertainment. At one time, when Miss Moyna MacGill, with her heart-breakingly pathetic voice, expresses the little maidservant's love for her dead soldier, it becomes really moving. At other times one is absorbed by the intrinsic interest of what is being said and felt. And this, when it is remembered that the play does not deal with a personal problem, but is the presentation of certain simple moral ideas, is remarkable. I would not suggest that the authors have made any attempt to be profound. Quite definitely, they have not. The angel's field of action and inquiry is too small, too limited, for that. Mr. Wells has uttered his protest against the constant and only half-conscious pursuit of base and ignoble ends, and Mr. Ervine has dramatized the protest. It was a thing worth doing, and it has been well done.

The production of "The Wonderful Visit" at the St. Martin's has not been altogether helpful to it. The incidental music struck me as an intrusion; the scenery was conventional; the friskiness of some of the performers (as dream figures) was crude. The Angel, from where I sat, appeared to be very much what the wicked characters of the play thought him—a good-looking young man, without personality. His voice and speech lacked beauty, and vocal beauty, it seemed to me, should in this part have been more valued as a spiritual differentiation than physical beauty. One felt this the more by contrasting the Angel's speech with that of Mr. J. H. Roberts, who played the dreaming vicar. Mr. Roberts gave imaginative significance to his part, which the Angel never did. Intonation and the staccato effect of one speaking a foreign language (straight from "The Blue Lagoon" and its island-built phonetics) did not sufficiently replace the ear and tone which would have

given him distinction. Miss Compton was incomparable as a very outspoken lady upon whom the Angel, in spite of her indignation, produced a sensible effect. Miss Moyna MacGill I have already mentioned. She was remarkable for a very sincere and beautiful performance, which showed her once again to be a real actress.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE CASE OF ARCHDEACON WAKEFORD.

SIR,—A "Wayfarer's" comment on the case of Archdeacon Wakeford, in your last issue, has had the excellent effect of drawing the attention of the daily Press to the fact that there was considerable evidence for the defence. The Archdeacon was unfortunate in that on the closing day of his trial—Saturday, February 5th—the earlier proceedings occupied much time and corresponding space in the Press. The later proceedings had to be hurried through and were scarcely reported at all.

I should be glad if you would allow me to point out clearly what I know of the closing stages.

First, the evidence of those witnesses who followed Mrs. Wakeford and preceded myself has not, I think, received much attention. There were four witnesses. Two had evidence as to the movements of the Archdeacon in Peterborough Cathedral. One testified to seeing Archdeacon Wakeford alone in a village church some miles from Peterborough, where she was caretaker, on the Monday afternoon in question. The fourth witness was the landlord of the Fitzwilliam Arms, Castor, who had provided the Archdeacon (alone) with "tea and comfortable advice" during that same stormy afternoon.

Second, my own evidence included these points among others:—

(1) I waited in the hall of the Bull Inn on Monday evening, hoping to get a room, from 6.45 to 8 or thereabouts. I am positive that the Archdeacon did not pass me either coming in or going out during that time. I understand that this combats prosecution evidence.

(2) In the dining-room that evening we were placed for dinner at a round table. At my wish, we were moved to a corner table, and there my husband bantered me, once again, on the circumstance of my absent wedding-ring. (My fingers had grown too thin for me to wear the ring.) The waitress at our table was the same as the waitress who has stated the whole incident in connection with the Archdeacon. In this instance I am confident of my own memory, and I can recall other pleasantries on the same tenuous topic that passed elsewhere.

(3) I watched the Archdeacon having his breakfast at an opposite table on the Tuesday morning.

(4) At lunch on Tuesday I did not see the Archdeacon, but I did see a lady with her friends resembling in some points the "unknown lady."

(5) I rose in court dressed as I was at Peterborough and closely resembling one description of the "unknown lady."

Third, four witnesses were waiting to be called when, owing to shortage of time, the evidence for the defence was closed. These witnesses will, it is hoped, be heard of at the future hearing.—Yours, &c.,

MARY BLUNDEN.

### THE NEW BELGIUM.

SIR,—My letter in answer to M. Borginon's article seems to have caused a good deal of misapprehension and quite unjustified excitement. I do not think that any useful purpose can be achieved by pursuing discussions on a subject which can only be of secondary interest to your readers. If I wrote to you in the first instance it was merely to point out, first, that Belgian politics had not meekly followed the French lead since the Armistice, and, secondly, that the Comité de Politique Nationale only expressed the views of a small minority in Belgium, and was in no way responsible for the breaking off of the negotiations with Holland. Neither of my contradictors has, I am afraid, been able to bring forward any new fact showing that these allegations

were well founded. Dr. Geyl, it is true, questions my statement that the Belgian Government has had the support of the Flemish Party in their attitude in regard to the Wielingen. He recognizes, however, that the Flemish leaders, M. van Cauwelaert amongst them, have more than once stated that the Belgian claims to sovereignty over the Wielingen Channel were entirely justified. I did not mean to suggest anything else.

I should like to add that if "Flemish Reader" had read my letter with more attention he would have noticed that I never questioned the patriotism of M. Borginon and of his friends of the "Vlaamschverbond," and that my remarks concerning separatism only applied to the few members of the Front Pattij who have, I am afraid, from time to time, made separatist declarations. The latter are the only Flemings whose policy can be compared, with some justification, to that of the activists under German occupation. With reference to the latter, I should refer "Clarté" to the recent speech made in the Belgian Chamber by the Socialist leader, M. Emile Vandervelde, who is also Belgian Minister of Justice, and who emphatically refused to condone their action.—Yours, &c.,

A BELGIAN READER.

#### THE SALE OF "REVIEW" COPIES.

SIR,—In these days of anxiety when the publication of any new book is a considerable risk, one of the most expensive items a publisher has to face is the large number of free copies he has to send out for review. Publishers have been forced to make drastic reductions in their review lists, and nowadays only find it possible to send free copies to those papers which make book reviewing a leading feature.

As far as weekly publications are concerned, I quite appreciate the fact that it is impossible to review all the books received. Moreover, I am sure that in the majority of cases books are mentioned as promptly and frequently as space permits. I have a grievance, however, which I feel you will agree is a just one, against the editor who receives new books and, having no intention of reviewing them, allows them to be sold to second-hand booksellers a few days after publication.

In Charing Cross Road a few days ago I found outside a second-hand bookshop several copies of a 7s. 6d. book of literary criticism published by my firm. Both books and wrappers were in perfect condition, and this bookseller was offering them for sale at 4s. 6d. *on the day of publication*. I might mention that no review of the book had yet appeared, and the assistant whom I questioned frankly admitted that the copies referred to were review copies.

It is to be hoped that stern measures will be adopted immediately to prevent the continuance of an infamous practice which is grossly unfair both to the publisher and the new bookseller.

The editor to whom a book is sent for review is the person responsible, and the editor who permits the sale of his free copies as soon as they reach his office is, to be perfectly frank, obtaining the books under false pretences, and allowing them to be used as a means of supplementing the salaries of his subordinates.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES L. STANFORD.

25, High Street, Marlow, Bucks.

#### THE DECLINE OF BOOKSELLING.

SIR,—The correspondence in the "Athenæum" on the decline of bookselling has been of interest to me, for my own experience as a buyer of books must be at least unusual.

In the spring of 1919 I was living in a town on the North-East Coast. From time to time I had ordered through a local bookseller small numbers of books. One day, whilst chatting with him, I laughingly suggested that he should allow me 5 per cent. discount on all future orders. To my surprise he agreed.

A few months later my work brought me to London, where it has since kept me. I continued to order books through my bookseller never supposing that he would both pay postage and continue to give me the discount. But he did. Most of the books I ordered he had, in his turn, to order from the publisher. This meant double postage, which he continued to pay until recently. In later orders he has

given the publishers my address and they have sent the books to me.

My bookseller is not a model bookseller. He holds a stock of books very little above the average of provincial sellers, as is shown by his having to order books for me which I could buy on demand at W. H. Smith's, Denny's, or Jones & Evans'. Can any of your readers explain this? Is such treatment of a new customer usual? I do not think the books I buy are of any unusual profit-returning kind. I had always believed until I read Mr. Roberts's letter that the publishers paid the postage. If this is not so, where does my bookseller make his profit?

In conclusion, I assure you that I shall continue to be a subscriber to your periodical in its new form, and have no doubt but that you will maintain your same standards.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD LANGLEY.

51, Hamilton Road, Golders Green, N.W. 11.

#### PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

SIR,—The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher has a passage on page 90 of his excellent volume on "Napoleon," in the Home University Series, which is of particular interest at the present time, in view of the Irish policy pursued by the Government, of which he is a prominent member. Speaking of Napoleon's deportation of 130 Jacobins, who, "without a particle of solid evidence against them," "were hastily assumed to be connected with the plot" to blow up the First Consul, he says: "To correct atrocity by injustice is to ignore the alphabet of statesmanship."

The fact that Mr. Fisher has not resigned from the Lloyd George Administration, whose policy in Ireland is habitually "to correct atrocity by injustice," forces one to the conclusion that, admirably as he writes on the theory of politics, he is as ignorant of practical government as, in the given instance, was Napoleon himself.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. JEREMY.

138, Finchley Road, London, N.W. 3.

#### THE EAST AND WEST POSITION.

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his notice of "St. Columba of Iona," says of the East and West position of churches: "A Latin saint would have felled whole forests to prevent building otherwise."

He is evidently unaware that the East and West convention is a North European custom solely, and is unknown in Italy or in Southern Europe.

An educated Italian lady friend of mine asked me why the Protestants had that superstition, and had to be reminded that our village churches were built by the Catholics. Everyone knows that the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome is to the West, and other Italian churches are built to all points of the compass.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED WILSON.

Beechwood, Eastern Road, Fortis Green, N. 2.

#### Poetry.

##### A SONG.

SHALL you return again?

Yes, some time,

In hawthorn, summer rain,

Or a new rhyme;

Roofs green with weather-stain,

And bells a-chime;

A latticed window-pane,

Where roses climb.

How shall we know it's you?

By this and this;

White sand, the gentian's blue,

A song, a kiss.

One ever born anew,

How many you miss,

Who lives the whole year through

In all that is!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

SINCE the momentary effect of the E.P.D. announcement wore off—as it did within forty-eight hours—stock markets have found nothing to cheer them. Business is very exiguous, but gilt-edged stocks seem to be holding their recent advances pretty well. What with the Colwyn Report and a new strike threat railway stocks have sagged to lower levels than ever. It is difficult, however, to find any convincing reason why they should. Strikes, while the guarantee lasts, bring loss to the State, not to the companies. And as for the Colwyn Report, it is obviously doomed to occupy a departmental pigeon-hole, for no one outside officialdom has ever understood why the Committee was appointed. It begins to look more and more as if Government control and guarantee of the railways will have to be prolonged. The Government are pledged and bound to hand back the lines “unimpaired in net revenue earning capacity.” They cannot conceivably hope to do that by August next—at least, so it seems at present. And surely one must assume that not even a bureaucracy, whose contempt for business interests and business methods is sublime, contemplates such a complete breach of pledge as to set the railways adrift on a sea of bankruptcy? If such a reading of the situation is correct, the railway stocks are amazingly cheap to-day.

In the week ending February 12th total revenue was again very heavy, income-tax receipts alone exceeding £21 millions, and the floating debt was reduced by over £23 millions.

## FINANCE AND THE NEW SESSION.

Finance will loom very large in the new Parliamentary session. It has been much advertised as an economy session, and there is much talk of a “popular” Budget. It should be understood, however, that a “popular” Budget, in the sense of a Budget which achieves popularity through tax reduction, is quite out of the question. If Mr. Chamberlain really succeeds in cutting expenditure to £950 millions, he will create a surprise. The session will start—unfortunately for an economy session—with large supplementary estimates. The House of Commons’ one great opportunity for enforcing economy will come when the departmental estimates are presented. Upon these estimates the Budget is based. It is quite useless for a House that has approved of estimates to be angry with a Budget based upon those estimates. If the House of Commons is really bent on eliminating waste, its only effective course is to concentrate on the estimates. That is where criticism can make itself felt. Criticizing a Budget is little better than crying over spilt milk.

## BANK CHAIRMEN AND FREE TRADE.

The chairmen of the great Joint Stock Banks have this year produced a very notable series of addresses to shareholders, to some of which I have already alluded. Not the least notable feature of the speeches is the powerful emphasis laid upon the necessity for Free Trade by two of our leading bankers, Mr. Walter Leaf, Chairman of the London County, Westminster & Parr’s, and Lord Inchcape, Chairman of the National Provincial & Union. Mr. Leaf said that the fundamental principle of international barter is that “if thou wilt not buy, neither shalt thou sell,” and continued: “It is most distressing to find that, at the very moment when one would have thought that this maxim was forcing itself upon the intelligence of the blindest, we should hear talk about ‘anti-dumping,’ ‘key industries,’ and the like, all of which is simply a demand for hampering or even prohibiting the imports which are needed to pay for the goods of which our warehouses are at the moment full to overflowing, and for which a large part of Europe is hungering.” If legislation of this kind is passed, thinks Mr. Leaf, improvement in Continental exchanges is impossible, production costs at home will be kept up, and our foreign trade, sorely burdened already, will be crushed. Strong and uncompromising language that, but no more so than that of Lord Inchcape, as the following extracts from his speech will show: “Just at the very moment when freedom of commercial intercourse is not only our greatest interest, but is

essential to the world’s recovery, the Protectionists are trying to enclose these islands in a ring fence. Their pleas and their disguises are many and subtle. They talk of ‘key’ industries and ‘basic’ industries and ‘essential’ industries and ‘pivotal’ industries, and the necessity of safeguarding British manufacturers against ‘dumping’ and the lowness of the Continental exchanges. But all these pseudonyms mean really just one thing—Protection.” . . . “The recovery and future progress of our export trade, which is the keystone of our industrial arch, absolutely depend on the continuance of fiscal freedom.” . . . “Condemn me if you like, turn me off the board if you like, for adhering to the belief that free and unrestricted trade is the mainstay of these islands—I will hold to my opinion.” Such pronouncements, coming as they do, not from politicians, but from two of the greatest practical financial experts in the country, cannot be lightly dismissed even by those who themselves disagree with these eminent bankers. Is there any leading banker who, in the circumstances that face us to-day, would venture to enter the lists to champion the opposite view?

## THE FOUR TOWNS LOAN AND COMING ISSUES.

The chief new issue of the week is the £3,750,000 6 per cent. loan at 95½ issued by the Corporations of Birkenhead, Newcastle, Nottingham, and Salford, the first three offering £1,000,000 each and Salford £750,000. The stocks are redeemable at par in 1951, or at the option of the Corporations after 1936. Allowing for redemption in 1951, the yield offered is £6 6s. 6d. per cent. That the proceeds are needed for housing has helped to provoke a good local response, and the stocks are also eminently suitable for all classes of investors, including, of course, trustees. Already the Newcastle and Nottingham lists have been closed through oversubscription. The probability that a period of lower interest rates may be not far off rightly attracts investors to seize investment opportunities of this kind while they can. The Birkenhead stock appears to have this slight advantage over the others, that it is transferable by deed without charge, and free of stamp duty—a convenience to many investors. Recent 6 per cent. loans of this particular class issued at 95½—for instance, those of Kent, Middlesex, and Essex—stand to-day at a good premium, and there appears to be no doubt that this four towns loan will enjoy a similar experience. The 8 per cent. convertible debenture stock offered at 95 by the Leeds Forge Company is a good offer of its class and has been fully subscribed.

Important new issues pending include an offer by Lever Brothers likely to appear in March. Levers are said to contemplate a £4,000,000 7 per cent. debenture issue for the purpose of funding temporary borrowings. The price of the issue will depend on market conditions. These will be this great Company’s first debentures issued in this country, and, since they will have a capital of £40,000,000 or so behind them, will offer very powerful security. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company contemplates raising new capital, and the directors will lay before the shareholders, at a meeting to be held on February 22nd, proposals which should meet with their favor.

## SELFRIDGE’S PROFITS.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge started his Oxford Street venture amid lugubrious prophecies of ill-success. He has pleasantly confounded his critics by achieving wonderful results, and can show a record of rapid but unchecked progress which is very remarkable. The latest report, covering the twelve months ended January 31st, shows profits, after paying debenture interest, of £358,320, against £355,755 in the previous year. Profits have actually multiplied nearly tenfold in ten years. These results are generally recognized to be due to Mr. Selfridge’s business ability, and shareholders’ contentment with the business is greatly enhanced by the fact that a very strong balance-sheet (for so young a company) has been built up by a policy of wise finance. The 6 per cent. (income-tax free) preference shares are now quoted at 20s. 9d., and are a good holding.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1921.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By		Wessex Worthies. By A. B.	707
H. J. M. ... ..	699	The Voice of Mr. Zangwill	708
SHORT STUDIES:—		Poet's Corner ... ..	709
Chinese Heroes ... ..	700	A Swallow Flight ... ..	709
ART:—		FOREIGN LITERATURE:—	
Giovanni Della Robbia. By		Distractions of a Poet	710
E. M. ... ..	701	Cambridge Readings ... ..	710
SCIENCE:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF ... ..	712
The Number of the Stars.		FROM THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE ...	712
By S. ... ..	701	A HUNDRED YEARS AGO:—	
REVIEWS:—		1821: A Boxing Review ... ..	714
The Old Revolutionist and		EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK. By	
the New Revolution. By		R. H. W. ... ..	714
G. B. S. ... ..	703	FORTHCOMING MEETINGS ... ..	716
The Poet of the War. By		THE WEEK'S BOOKS ... ..	716
J. Middleton Murry ... ..	705		

## The World of Books.

It was a pleasure to me to see that Mr. J. T. Hackett's "My Commonplace Book" (Unwin) had recently gone into another edition, and I remember how much I enjoyed nibbling among the vegetation in this page. I used to jot down in a notebook things that stimulated my phagocytes in the books I happened to be reading at the time. I very rarely do so now—but though such bargain-hunting in the many-colored Bartholomew's Fair of books is of much more interest to oneself than to anybody else, still every reader of books is taken with the casual jottings recorded by others.

\* \* \*

ODDLY enough, I only find two bits of verse, perhaps because there would really be no end to it if one began to write down all the pieces which fetched one up short. One is Shelley's "Hypocrisy and custom make their minds The fanes of many a worship now outworn," &c., and the other Blake's "The tear is an intellectual thing. . . ." The first may have been written as a memento of the fact that Shelley was really an astute and practical politician, the second is a final comment upon war. But there are plenty of Blake's "Proverbs of Hell," headed by "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." The prose pickings are spread over a number of years, and I cannot imagine what can have juxtaposed bits out of Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," Vasari's "Life of Francia Bigio," Mr. Brailsford's "The War of Steel and Gold," Sully's Memoirs, Cooke's "Green's Tu Quoque," and "The Golden Bough," on the same page. Is it possible that one could ever have tossed off this cocktail at a draught? However, a solid chunk of consistency follows—prolonged passages, endless excerpts, quires of quotations from Reynolds's "Discourses." What a stranger one is to oneself, for I cannot ever conceive myself opening those "Discourses" again, were it the only work available at the dentist's. Then come some nasty ones out of Swift and Samuel Butler:—

"The devil, when he dresses himself in angels' clothes, can only be detected by experts of exceptional skill, and so often does he adopt this disguise that it is hardly safe to be seen talking to an angel at all"—

—capped by this from the relatively innocent Lecky:—

"They (pietists and conventionalists) at last succeed in persuading themselves that their Divinity would be extremely offended if they hesitated to ascribe to Him the attributes of a fiend."

The Queen of Night reigns without a rival at this period, and it is from her story that this is pillaged out of Motley's account of the Sack of Antwerp:—

"Women, children, old men were killed in countless numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the Cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes."

A rare power of suspense!

\* \* \*

I OBSERVE no Ruskins, but a host of Morrisises, which is pleasing, because your modern revolutionary seems to regard Morris as a foolish old woman sitting at the loom—quite *démodé*. And among all the political squibs and bombs, surely this word of Ingersoll's deserves another fate than to be perishably pencilled in a private note-book:—"The teaching of Christ is no longer practicable because it does not suit our industrial times." Philosophy, too, seems to have been all in the day's work, for at the ends of billowing paragraphs, I find underlined things like "Reflex Action and Theism," "The Dilemma of Determinism," "The Sentiment of Rationality," and so forth, which both I and the reader will avoid peeping at. But here is a bright object caught among the brambles, from Dostoeffsky: "Every blade of grass, every insect, ant and golden bee, bear witness to the mystery of God and continually accomplish it themselves."

\* \* \*

A COMMONPLACE book is not to be compared with an anthology. One does not necessarily go to great authors to furnish the notes of an individual memory. It is pocket-money, not a Golden Treasury; the squirrel does not hoard his nuts by critical selection. We do not, as Erasmus says, "call a horse unhappy because he was never taught his grammar," nor does the notebook-jotter repine because of the proportion of goats to his flock. If it comes to sheer beauty, the scientific bits pull more than their weight. Take Linnaeus's "there are as many species as there were ideas in the Divine Mind;" Kelvin's:

"A tree contains more mystery of creative power than the sun, from which all its mechanical energy is borrowed. An earth without life, a sun and countless stars contain less wonder than that grain of mignonette";

Pringle-Pattison's "Beauty and sublimity in nature are not subjective imaginings; they give us a deeper truth than ordinary vision, just as the more developed eye or ear carries us further into nature's refinements and beauties," and Lloyd Morgan's "Awareness . . . is ubiquitous throughout nature—if here in us in high measure, then in the oak and the acorn, in the molecule and the atom, in their several measures and degrees." They are not art, but rather glimpses into the art of life. That is the advantage of a commonplace book; it is the coal in your bucket to keep you warm.

H. J. M.

## Short Studies.

### CHINESE HEROES.

THERE is war in China, but there are no posters about war. No pictures of strapping young heroes encourage those who feel neither strapping nor heroic to find out what the tonic war can do for them. In China war advertises itself; you see the war, and you see the heroes; this, from the point of view of those who deal in war, is very unfortunate. In China, as elsewhere, victors make no secret of themselves; the bayonet is an excellent publicity agent. But even the losers advertise war; in the course of these last few weeks I have watched them go, in procession but not in triumph, face downward down the river, threading their forlorn way through the plaited Yangtze foam and the yellow whirlpools, pausing only in the quiet reaches where the water is like gold silk. I have seen also the less fortunate losers come to seek the protection of the mountains, the wounded slung on poles carried by unfriendly coolies pressed into service, or riding on bleeding and exhausted ponies. The unwounded losers took their share in disseminating the idea; their sunken eyes saw nothing, their faces were like crumpled paper, they wavered on their feet. And only those who came first were strong enough to revenge themselves upon an inexplicable world. Like locusts they paused in their passing, and where they paused there was desolation.

The steep villages of Szechuan stand in great calmness and isolation among their rice-fields. When I saw them first the blue smoke oozed domestically through the old thatch of the huts; under the eaves of the little shrines the joss-sticks bowed down among their ashes before the faces of little golden gods; the clamor of the children in the irresponsible schools was mixed with the dim bells and drums of the temples; the flooded rice-fields in strange serpent shapes were dyked one above the other up the slopes of the hills; and across and across them, like slow barges, went the drooping buffaloes pulling ploughs through the water. The ploughmen sang as they followed; only their sunburned upper halves showed above the water, and those upper halves were made the more absurd by hats as big as cartwheels.

When I saw those villages last, they were haunted; they were very silent, the children and the bells were not heard. No longer did the buffaloes work for their singing masters in the fields; their masters were themselves now slaves and beasts of burden. All countrymen—even the very old men and the little boys—who had not been quick enough in finding places of concealment were caught and driven away before the bayonets of the army—itsself a driven and a hunted thing. I saw the peaceful men of those blue villages standing with blank, dead faces, roped one to the other in long strings, waiting for their burdens; I saw them with their backs bent beneath great loads, staggering before their cursing captors; when they fell or protested they were beaten with the butt-ends of rifles or prodded with bayonets; if they lay where they fell or protested too long they were shot. I saw one man-hunt that seemed to me like a nightmare. Across the river the victors were coming into Chungking, the firing was incessant; we could see a little fluttering blue cloud of townspeople running ineffectually up and down below the city wall; every boat that dared to cross the river was surrounded by little abrupt fountains of water where the shots struck. Up the steep bank on our side of the river the last fugitives of the Yunnanese army were slowly making their way; they seemed hardly conscious of being in danger, they were beyond panic, they went in little staggering groups and exchanged no word, they were too weak to hurry. And I watched one who turned back toward the river; he could not carry even what remained to him of his possessions. He walked in uncertain curves, his chin was on his breast, he made a little dry whining

sound in appeal to his friends but they took no notice, he trailed his gun weakly. Yet he made his way with a kind of blind and dreadful purpose toward a group of boatmen who were crouching in a row of junks moored to the bank. Without looking at them he approached them. Without apparently looking at him the boatmen herded nervously together and retreated to another junk, and another and another as he followed. There was absolute silence among them, and no hurrying. Any one of the boatmen could have knocked him down; he seemed to hold his rifle quite without purpose. On the last junk the soldier, still apparently without raising his head or his eyes, selected a man and drove him off. There was no threat, no protest, no word spoken. The coolies so impressed are driven either till they fall, or till, in some far, unfamiliar place, their captors need them no more. In either case they rarely come home again. I cannot remember what habitual horror of my childhood this faltering yet inevitable pursuit awoke, but I know I thought of Stevenson's blind man, Pew.

With the irritating detachment of foreigners in China, I went to buy a pen in Chungking while the Szechuanese were at the city gates. Most of the shops were shuttered, most of the townspeople stood listening like frightened rabbits at the doors of their boltholes and burrows. One shop let us in to review its stock of pens, and while we were there a most strange and stormy sound of running bare feet came up the listening street, and a crowd of terrified citizens ran by, making no sound except the soft sound of their running. The proprietor of the booth in which we were ran a barrier across his door with the turn of a finger, so to speak, and disappeared. We sat down unobtrusively under a gold banner at the back of the booth. It seemed as if the street outside had fallen dead after that rush, the little bannered, crooked, tunnelled houses along the street compressed their lips and stared blankly. My imagination for some minutes in the silence dwelt breathlessly on the Thing that might come along that appalled street.

Finally, two small soldiers came, with their bayonets pointing them on. Their faces were fixed in gross, apoplectic expressions, they did not look to either side. When they had for some moments passed, the street relaxed and we made our way to the river gate. It was shut, and none but escaping soldiers were allowed to open it, but, by mingling with some opportune cavalry, we passed out. We sat on the mud shore among the neutral crowds of beggars, and with other fugitive civilian citizens, rather helplessly reviewing the probabilities of getting home across the river before the fighting should begin. Every junk, every sampan, almost every plank was commandeered by the escaping soldiers. All the boatmen were hidden. We fawned upon the powers of darkness, we tried to step inconspicuously into the soldiers' sampans as they left the shore, we talked richly of money. Money was no currency in Chungking just then. Wherever we went the groups of Chinese civilians watched us, hoping that wherever British arrogance might lead the way to safety, they might follow. But they were disappointed. We were rather ignominiously rescued by an Englishman in a motor boat. And as I looked back at the less fortunate refugees left without friends upon that filthy shore, I was sorry to look so insolently British, so insolently safe.

The firing began then, and by the time the moon came up there were no losers left in Chungking to regret their loss. From the mountains some of them looked down at the city of their failure; the others went face downward, sliding down the swift river, and never looked up; or lay where they had fallen about the city gates, relieved at last of the horror of being hunted through those blind and twisted streets.

D. W. Griffith, always in pursuit of moral and mighty spectacles, might have picked up some ideas in Chungking. Even I feel now that I should like to be responsible for some of the posters advertising the next war.

STELLA BENSON.

## Art.

## GIOVANNI DELLA ROBBIA.\*

IN the admirable series of Princeton monographs, Professor Marquand is steadily working through his formidable task of compiling an illustrated and documented catalogue of the entire production of the workshop founded by Luca della Robbia, and carried on for about a century under the guidance of his nephew Andrea and Andrea's son Giovanni. The initial volume, dealing with the work of Luca himself, was universally recognized as a model of what such a book should be when it was published in 1914. The second dealt, not—as might perhaps have been expected—with Andrea, but with the mass of heraldic work produced by the factory (for it was no less) during its whole period of activity; a classification which, of course, involves a considerable amount of overlapping when it touches the heraldic element in works directly ascribed to one or other of the artists of the family. And now the third is devoted to Giovanni, the work of Andrea being still left over, owing (as Professor Marquand admits) to the extreme complexity of the problems involved in the consideration of his fertile skill.

Giovanni della Robbia has, as a rule, been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The convenient but by no means universally justified theory of progressive decadence has been invoked to justify a simple scheme of proportion in which Andrea was as superior to his son Giovanni as he was inferior to his uncle Luca. Certainly Giovanni was responsible for a great deal of very coarse and vulgar work. But the best of the polychrome sculpture ascribed to him has a force and, in spite of his obvious eclecticism, an inventive power which is very seldom to be found in Andrea's elegant and charming altarpieces. It was an English critic, Miss Maud Cruttwell, who first had the courage to point this out in her remarkable volume on Luca and Andrea della Robbia and their Successors. And an unbiased view of what is generally accepted as his work may well concede him an even higher place than Miss Cruttwell may have admitted.

But Professor Marquand has dealt Giovanni's reputation a rude blow by depriving him of the very considerable credit which is due for the strange but most successful decoration of the Ospedale del Ceppo at Pistoia. No one who has looked at the vast colored reliefs of the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy that form the frieze of the Hospital can readily forget them (there are colored casts of one or two sections in the Victoria and Albert Museum). And quite apart from the historical interest afforded by the realistic treatment of the prison scene, and still more of the hospital with its neatly numbered beds and busy medical students, the finer parts of the composition are of very high artistic merit. There can be little doubt that more than one hand had a share in the work; parts of it show very clearly the influence of Filippino Lippi, and Miss Cruttwell tentatively suggested that these might be the work of Santi Buglioni, who is known to have been employed at the Ceppo at various times. But now Professor Marquand proposes, as far as can be judged from the present volume, to give the whole frieze to Santi Buglioni and to leave Giovanni della Robbia himself (who was undoubtedly the leading spirit in the workshop at that time, just after the death of his father Andrea in extreme old age) no more than the miserably feeble and conventional medallions in the spandrels below it. A forthcoming volume on the work of the Buglioni family may perhaps bring convincing arguments in favor of this view, but without such corroboration it does not seem in itself very probable.

However, the exact differentiation on stylistic or even on documentary grounds of the enormous output of the Della Robbia workshop after Luca's death in 1480, appears to be an almost hopeless task. It may even legitimately be doubted whether a series of separate monographs devoted to the various artists concerned is the most practical method of dealing with it. A few years

hence even the writer might hesitate to say in which volume some particular rather nondescript work had been included.

To take a concrete example, there is in the Berlin Museum a somewhat insignificant enamelled terra-cotta statuette of David, given by Dr. Frida Schottmüller in the latest edition of the Catalogue to the Robbia Workshop in the first half of the sixteenth century. This statuette appears in Professor Marquand's book (No. 214) as the work of Giovanni. Yet it is not merely a sheer imitation of Verrocchio's lovely figure, such as might have been produced by any fairly capable worker, but actually one of a whole series of such David statuettes, lacking only the enamelled surface, of which there are specimens in the Dreyfus collection in Paris, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and elsewhere. If one of these is by Giovanni, the rest can hardly fail to be by him too. But it is surely far more probable to suppose that the whole series are by some industrious minor artist outside the Robbia workshop, and that one particular example was brought in to be enamelled there, as we have good grounds for believing that similar small terra-cotta figures were occasionally brought in which had been modelled by sculptors like the anonymous "Master of the Unruly Children" and the "Master of the Figures of St. John."

Another very hazardous attribution is that of an unglazed terra-cotta bust of Christ in the Victoria and Albert Museum (6862-1860), there ascribed to Verrocchio's pupil Agnolo di Polo, which figures as No. 232 in the addenda to Professor Marquand's book. Here, however, the number is quoted as 476-1864, which is in fact the Museum number of a totally different bust of Christ, partly enamelled, and not improbably by Giovanni, to whom Miss Cruttwell definitely assigned it. In this instance it seems not impossible that a confusion between the two numbers has at one time taken place; but the photograph here published is certainly that of the first of these two busts, and the argument in the text clearly refers to it.

It would have been interesting if more space could have been spared for the discussion of the several influences which may be readily perceived in Giovanni's work. Probably Verrocchio and Filippino Lippi played the largest part in his development, but there are others; the really beautiful Annunciation illustrated on p. 122 is directly imitated from the fresco by Domenico Ghirlandajo in S. Maria Novella, from which the figure of the kneeling angel is copied with the least possible alteration, and the subject of such imitations has an important bearing on any attributions that may be put forward as to the individual authorship of Della Robbia reliefs.

But such criticisms ought not to be taken as detracting from the proper appreciation of this admirably produced volume and its invaluable predecessors. It would be still easier to point out trifling inconsistencies; the same saint ought not to be alluded to on the same page (81) as "La Maddalena" and "S. Maria Maddalena," and it may even be suggested that "St. Mary Magdalene" is a better title in a book otherwise written in English. Professor Marquand's work remains none the less an honor to himself and to his country, and proves that an American Professor is capable of such industry, thoroughness and discernment in the sphere of art history as has sometimes been credited to the German alone. And everyone interested in Italian Renaissance sculpture will await with impatience the further volumes which he has promised to produce for us.

E. M.

## Science.

## THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.

IT is difficult not to believe that the proper study of mankind is man or, if other studies be allowed, that it should be shown that they are strictly relevant to man's possible destiny. The biological sciences, including their offshoot, medicine, may conceivably have man's body as

\* Giovanni Della Robbia. By Allen Marquand. Princeton University Press, and Oxford University Press. 35s.



their focus and so earn a legitimate attention; chemistry is secure of a place, the world being agreed that synthetic indigo, aniline dyes, and poison gas are gifts which make life richer and more secure; while no one can doubt that almost instantaneous knowledge of the result of an American Presidential election justifies the support of any number of physical laboratories. The study which would have the greatest difficulty in earning the approbation of Mr. Pope is undoubtedly astronomy. The late Henri Poincaré, endeavoring to defend the recent developments of that science, pointed out that they might conceivably, given very extraordinary circumstances, save a ship from being wrecked. Human lives are, of course, infinitely precious, and we cannot doubt that modern Governments would find such a possibility ample justification for the thousands of pounds they annually spend on their Nautical Almanacs. But even this does not account for the great bulk of modern astronomical researches; Poincaré had frankly to admit that these are only undertaken in order to gratify man's appetite for knowledge. But there seems no reason why the people who have this appetite should be subsidized by their fellow-citizens; it is, in truth, impossible to understand why modern Governments support modern astronomy.

However, modern astronomy, especially the most useless parts of it, not only exists, but is in a very flourishing condition. In its present stage it is, probably, the most interesting of improper studies, and, if its impropriety be measured by its departure from human significance, it is certainly the most improper of all. For recent work has been very largely concerned with the size, shape, and motions of our stellar universe. It must be admitted that the results have a certain grandeur, although this is probably a mere trick of the imagination, for distances and periods of time are involved, so great as to be almost unmeaning. But that these results can have any bearing on the destiny of man seems almost impossible; certain of them may give hints to the physicist and lead to an increased control over matter, but the actual statistical information is of no interest except for the purposes of pure contemplation. The grub that lives for a single day on a single leaf is permitted, as it were, to learn that it is situated in the middle of a Brazilian forest; beyond enabling it to grasp more clearly the pathos of its grub-hood, the information can serve no homely purpose.

"From 1903-11 a photographic survey of the entire sky was made, enabling the number of stars in the heavens, down to the seventeenth magnitude, to be enumerated. As a probable result we obtain the figure of 3,000 millions for the total number of stars." This is one of the statements we find in the synopsis of a recent lecture by Professor Dale. The figure is a little surprising, being rather greater than earlier estimates had led us to suppose. It had long been known that the total number of stars certainly amounted to some hundreds of millions, and one, or perhaps two thousand millions had been suggested as the final figure. The result has, of course, a speculative element, since it includes stars too faint to impress the photographic plate. It is interesting to note that the rate of increase of stars diminishes with increasing magnitude; this is, indeed, obvious, for otherwise the whole heaven would shine with a blaze of light like the sun. For, if we compare the number of stars of the second magnitude with those of the first, for instance, their greater number more than compensates for their individual inferiority in brightness, so that the whole amount of light contributed by all the second-magnitude stars is greater than that contributed by the total of stars of the first magnitude. The same holds good for a number of increasing magnitudes, but obviously there must be a point beyond which the increase in number does not compensate for decrease in light. The increase in number is not uniform over the whole of the heavens. As we consider fainter and fainter stars we find them increasingly condensed in the plane of the Milky Way. At right angles to this plane the stars thin out much more rapidly; the whole system is, in fact, shaped somewhat like a lens, the diameter in the plane of the Milky Way being much

larger than the diameter at right angles to it. It is difficult to give the actual dimensions of this lens-shaped system, but if we take as our unit the parsec, which is about nineteen million million miles, then the long diameter of our system is certainly several thousands of parsecs in length. The nearest fixed star is a little over one parsec distant from us, and there are perhaps thirty to forty stars within a distance of five parsecs. These stars will be by no means the brightest in the sky; many of them are altogether invisible to the naked eye; their intrinsic luminosities vary from one two-hundred-and-fiftieth that of the sun to forty-eight times that of the sun. The intrinsic luminosities of stars do, in fact, vary enormously, and some of the brightest stars are probably situated in the remotest parts of the stellar universe.

Our sun is not only one star amongst 3,000 millions; it is a rather insignificant star, being entered officially as a "yellow dwarf." It was in 1914 that H. N. Russell showed that stars fell into two groups, giants and dwarfs. It appears that a star begins its career as a very diffuse mass at a comparatively low temperature. As this mass contracts its temperature rises until it reaches a maximum; after that point its temperature falls as its volume diminishes and it enters on the "dwarf" stage of its career. It thus passes through its successive temperature changes twice, once as a giant and then, in the inverse order, as a dwarf. As a red dwarf it is near extinction, and as a red giant it is at the beginning of its career. By a new and ingenious optical method the actual diameter of one of these red giants was measured last December. The star known as Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, was the one selected, and its diameter was found to be of the order of 300 million miles. Our sun is less than a million miles in diameter; if it were the size of Betelgeuse the earth's orbit would lie well within the body of the sun.

In reading investigations of this kind we must remember that the number of the stars, their distances, their dimensions, are all figures which are only approximately correct. But, however important exact measurement in these matters may be for pure science, the results already obtained are sufficient for the general reader. His interests are, after all, anthropocentric; it is man's place in nature with which he is concerned, and the knowledge that his sun is one star amongst thousands of millions is an item of knowledge which does not depend upon exact figures for its effect. Simon Newcomb found the question of interest in connection with his speculation as to whether intelligent life existed elsewhere in the universe; the greater the number of stars, he thought, the greater the possibility that intelligences like our own existed on some similar planet circulating round a distant star. And certainly, whatever curious combination of circumstances was necessary to produce man, the chance that it has occurred elsewhere is surely not unlikely in so prodigious a universe. But the vista opened up by modern astronomy does not end here. The most probable explanation of those enigmatic objects, the Spiral Nebulæ, is that they are stellar universes comparable with our own. They lie right outside our Galactic system, their shape suggests the shape of our own system, and they present phenomena to which close analogues have recently been found in our universe. A study of photographs of the Spiral Nebulæ suggests irresistibly that, in them, there are two mighty streams of stars moving in opposite directions. It is surely no mere coincidence that two such streams have been discovered in our own stellar universe. Except for a group of bright stars which seem nearly at rest with respect to the entire system, the great multitude of the stars form two drifts, being divided in the proportion of three to two. These two drifts are thoroughly intermingled, and are moving relatively to one another with a speed of about twenty-five miles per second. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, viewed from the profoundest depths of space, our mighty universe would appear as one amongst the thousands of Spiral Nebulæ. Such is the material setting in which the human comedy is played. The proper study of mankind is man, but this other study, although perfectly useless, has a queer interest of its own. S.

## Reviews.

## THE OLD REVOLUTIONIST AND THE NEW REVOLUTION.

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**The Evolution of Revolution.** By H. M. HYNDMAN.  
(Grant Richards. 21s.)

MR. H. G. WELLS shocked the Bolsheviks the other day by blaspheming against Marx's beard. That set us laughing; but, let us hope, it set them thinking. William Blake, following a tradition as old as the Olympian Jove, always represented God as a man with an impressive beard. Marx grew a beard so godlike that, as Mr. Wells maintains, it could not have been unintentional. But he did not look like God in Blake's Job. Bakunin, a rival revolutionist who loathed Marx, also cultivated a beard, but was still less like the God of Blake and Job. But Mr. Hyndman, who would as soon have thought of aiming at a resemblance to Samuel Smiles as to Jehovah, was born with exactly the right beard (at least, no living man has ever seen him without it), and has always resembled Blake's vision so imposingly that it is difficult to believe that he is not the original, and Blake's picture the copy. Nobody in the British Socialist movement has ever produced this effect or anything approaching it. Mr. Wells is so hopelessly deplorable that his avowed longing to shave Marx may be the iconoclasm of envy. Mr. Sidney Webb's beard *à la Badinguet* is not in the running. My own beard is so like a tuft of blanched grass that pet animals have nibbled at it. William Morris's Olympian coronet of clustering hair, and his Dureresque beard, were such as no man less great could have carried without being denounced as an impostor; but he resembled the Jovian God in Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, not the Jehovah of Blake. Mr. Hyndman alone, without effort, without affectation, without intention, turned his platform, which was often only a borrowed chair at the street corner, into a heavenly throne by sheer force of beard and feature. Even he himself could not ignore his beard, though he was the only man who could not see it. It compelled him to wear a frock coat when his natural and preferred vesture would have been a red shirt. He had to preach the class war in the insignia of the class he was fiercely denouncing. When in desperation he discarded his silk hat, the broad-brimmed soft hat that replaced it immediately became the hat of Wotan, and made him more godlike than ever. Mr. Wells has succeeded in making Marx's beard as ridiculous as a nosebag. Let him try his hand, if he dares, on Mr. Hyndman's. He will try in vain. A glance at the excellent portrait which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Hyndman's latest book will carry conviction on this point.

I expatiate on this solitary majesty of Mr. Hyndman's because it is significant of his part in the Socialist movement. As a Socialist leader—and he was ever a leader—he was never any good for team work. It was not that he was quarrelsome (though on occasion he could be a veritable Tybalt); for there was not another leader in the movement who was not quite ready to meet him half-way at any moment in this respect. Nor can it have been that the beard carried with it the curse of the first commandment. It was that he had what is very rare among practical politicians in England, the cosmopolitan mind, the historical outlook, the European interest. For mere municipal Socialism, which he called Gas and Water Socialism, he had no use. Also, as a thorough revolutionary Socialist, he knew that Trade Unionism is a part of Capitalism, being merely the debit side of the capitalist account, and that Co-operative Societies within the capitalist system are no solution of the social question.

Now it happened that during the most active part of Mr. Hyndman's public life, the Co-operative Wholesale was developing prodigiously, and the huge new machinery of Local Government throughout this country made an unprecedented extension of Gas and Water Socialism possible for the first time. Mr. Sidney Webb saw the opening, and jumped at it with the Fabian Society behind him. Mr. Hyndman disdained it, and would not admit that the road to Socialism lay through the suburbs and along the tram-lines. Morris, always fundamentally practical, was no fonder of the suburbs than Mr. Hyndman; but he saw that Webb's

work had to be done, and gave it his blessing from a distance with the apology (for the distance) that it was not an artist's job. Sidney Webb saw, too, that the efforts made by Morris and Hyndman to organize the workers in new Socialist societies had failed as hopelessly as the earlier attempts of Owen and Marx, and that the Socialists must accept the forms of organization founded spontaneously by the workers themselves, and make them fully conscious of this achievement of theirs by making its history and scope known to them. Hence the famous Webb "History of Trade Unionism" and the treatise on "Industrial Democracy": a labor of Hercules which nobody but Webb and his extraordinary wife would face or could have accomplished. Mr. Hyndman, interested in the evolution of revolution, frankly scorned such spade work. He was eloquent about Chartism, Marxism, and the First International, but simply bored by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and its past.

The result was that during the last ten years of the nineteenth and the first ten years of the twentieth century Mr. Hyndman was often sidetracked, whilst Municipal Trading and the organization of a Parliamentary Labor Party by the Trade Unions were being hurried up at a great rate. It was not a business that needed a striking figure-head; and Mr. Hyndman is nothing if not a striking figure-head. But it occupied all the capable Socialist subalterns and staff officers very fully; and thus it happened that Mr. Hyndman was left with a retinue devoted enough, but incapable and disastrously maladroit. Look at his portrait, and you can see in his face a sort of sarcastic despair left by his continually disappointed expectation of intellectual adequacy in his colleagues. But for them he would certainly have won the seat in Parliament which he very nearly did win in spite of them. But it is not clear that he could have done anything in that doomed assembly: he has never suffered pompous fools gladly; and the beard does not conceal his contempt for people who cannot think politically in terms of a very comprehensive historical generalization: that is, for ninety-nine hundredths of his fellow countrymen, and ninety-nine point nine per cent. of their chosen representatives. His real work, like that of Marx, was the pressing of that generalization, in season and out of season, on a civilization making straight for the next revolution without the least sense of its destination or its danger.

It is with this generalization that Mr. Hyndman challenges us in his latest book. It is a conspectus of history, and an important one, because it propounds a Sphinx riddle that cannot be answered by mere opportunists. Conspectuses of history are in the air just now. Mr. Wells has put his masterpiece into the form of an outline of the world's history. Mr. Chesterton, having taken the Cross and followed Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem, has come home in a historic ecstasy. Mr. Belloc urges the view of history that the Vatican would urge if the Vatican were as enlightened and as free as Mr. Belloc. And all this at a moment when the threatened dissolution of European civilization is forcing us to turn in desperation to history and social theory for counsel and guidance.

I am not sure that Mr. Hyndman's book is not the most pressing of all these challenging essays. Mr. Wells, though ultra-revolutionary, has deliberately, and for his purpose necessarily, excluded theory from his *magnum opus*, simply preparing a colossal explosive shell crammed with all the relevant historical facts, and hurling it, with a magnificent gesture of intellectual power, at the incompetence, ignorance, obsolescence, and naïve brigandage of the State as we know it. Mr. Chesterton, though he never has a theory, has a cry and a theme; and his extemporizations and variations on them are imaginative, suggestive, inspiring, resounding to the last human limit of splendor in that sort of literary orchestration; but the cry is "Back to the Middle Ages," and the theme is "*Cherchez le Juif*"; neither of them in the line of evolution or within the modern conception of the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Belloc is leading a forlorn hope; for Ibsen's Third Empire will not be the Holy Roman Empire. All three either ignore evolution or virtually deny it. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc even ridicule it, not without plenty of material, thanks to the antics of some of its professors. But Mr. Hyndman has a theory, and an evolutionary one. It is not complicated by Medievalism, official Catholicism, and Judophobia. It has



proved itself capable of engaging the faith of small bodies of thoughtful Europeans, and the fanaticism of large bodies of thoughtless ones. The march of events has confirmed it, not only before its promulgation by Marx and Engels (all theories fit the past on the day of publication because they are made to fit it), but since. Mr. Hyndman's clear, close writing, always readable, always carrying you along, never confusing or seducing you by the extravagances, the audacities, the extemporary digressions of writers who, having no military objective, stop repeatedly to play with history, obliges us to entertain his book seriously, and either confute it or let his case win by default. It is quite competently put, with no nonsense about it. There is no attempt to conciliate the reader or propitiate public opinion. Mr. Hyndman does not believe, nor pretend to believe, that *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*: on the whole, he rather concludes that the better you understand history the more you condemn its makers. He spares neither invective nor eulogy; and he words them without the smallest concession to any feeling but his own. He uses tact to make his presentation of his case effective, never to make himself agreeable. In the end you may dislike him, especially if he dislikes you; but his case is there to be answered, and is furthermore a case that must be answered. Mr. Wells's case is unanswerable; but its acceptance does not commit you to Marxist Communism. Mr. Belloc has a very strong case against Parliament, and would have us discard it and face a really responsible monarchical (not royal) Government by a President and Cabinet; but he associates this with a strenuous advocacy of private property on the ground that it will do us no harm if we have little enough of it and are as ignorant as Tennyson's Northern Farmer. It is Mr. Hyndman who shows you that if there is anything in history, private property, in its modern reduction to absurdity as Capitalism, is tottering to its fall, and that we must make up our minds to be ready for the new Communist order or for a crash.

But Mr. Hyndman has yet another claim to urgent attention over his competitors in the survey of history. His book comes just when the hugest of the European Powers is putting its doctrine to an experimental test on an unprecedented scale. And this situation is made piquant by the unexpected fact that Mr. Hyndman repudiates Lenin as completely as he repudiates Cromwell or Robespierre. The English arch-Marxist has been confronted with the fulfilment of all the articles of his religion: the collapse of Capitalism, the expropriation of the expropriators, the accouchement of the old society pregnant with the new by *Sage Femme La Force*, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the obliteration of the *bourgeoisie* as a social order. And instead of crying *Vive la Révolution!* and packing his traps for Moscow to inaugurate the latest statue of Marx, he out-Churchills Churchill in his denunciation of the Bolsheviks. This is interesting: we want to know how he justifies it. At first sight he seems to cover his position by setting up the mature Marx as a historic materialist against the immature Marx of the Communist Manifesto, apparently forgetting that in a previous chapter he has knocked historic materialism into a cocked hat. Bolshevik Marxism, I may explain, is the Marxism of the Manifesto, taking a hint from Rousseau by calling its administrators Commissars. Mr. Hyndman declares that to make Force the midwife of progress is to discard the full Marxist doctrine (insisted on at the end of every chapter in his book) that Force cannot anticipate the historic moment, and that premature revolutions are bound to fail, like the Peasants' War and the insurrection of Baboeuf.

But this, though true, does not prove Bolshevism premature. The undeniable fact that no midwife can deliver the child alive until its gestation is complete by no means shakes the historical likelihood that the birth will be a difficult one, needing a strong hand and a forceps, and possibly killing the mother. Who is to say that the historic moment has not come in Russia? Certainly not Mr. Hyndman, who has so convincingly proved from history that the historic moment is as often as not a psychological moment. All that the Marxian historic moment means when analyzed is the moment when the *bourgeoisie* loses its grip on industry and on the armed forces of the Government, and lets them slip into the hands of the leaders of the proletariat when these leaders are what Marx calls class-conscious: that is, fully

aware of the relations, actual, historical, and evolutionary, between the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat, and well instructed as to the need for and nature of the transition from Capitalism to Communism which they have to operate. Surely these conditions are realized in Russia at present as nearly as they are ever likely to be anywhere. Lenin is as doctrinaire as Marx himself; and the *bourgeoisie* is down and out without having struck a blow. The Soviet Government has made none of the mistakes for which Mr. Hyndman reproaches the Luddites and the Paris Commune of 1871. Far from destroying machinery, they are straining every nerve to develop production and open up foreign trade. Instead of superstitiously respecting the banks, and humbly borrowing a little money from the Rothschilds to go on with, they have promptly seized all the specie, bullion, and jewellery they can lay their hands on, and made any attempt to hold it back a capital offence, like the Apostles. They have, on the whole, pounced on the right things, and shot the right people (from the Marxian point of view). They are as ruthless in dealing with the counter-revolution, and with attempts to carry on habitual commercialism, as they are tolerant of mere sentimental regrets for the imaginary good old times of the Tsardom. They have shown themselves able to handle and dominate both the *bourgeoisie* and the Militarists. Koltchak, Denikin, and Wrangel successively have tried to play the part of Gaston de Foix, only to be cracked like fusty nuts by Trotsky, in spite of the gold of Churchill (*ci-devant* Pitt) and the munitions of Foch. Is there any likelihood of the conditions under which Feudalism and Capitalism accomplished their transformation of society being reproduced more exactly for the transformation of Capitalism into Communism? If, as Mr. Hyndman contends, Bolshevism is not real Marxism, but a murderous imposture, what does he think the real thing will be like? He owes us an answer to this question.

If one may infer his answer from his indictment of Bolshevism, he relies on the fact that the colossal peasant proprietary which forms the bulk of the Russian nation is unconverted. This is true; but if Socialism is to wait until farmers become class-conscious Marxists, it will wait for ever. The *bourgeoisie* did not wait for the approval of the farmers before they consummated the Capitalist transformation by establishing Free Trade, which all but abolished British agriculture. We should still be in the Stone Age if Hodge had always had his way. I cannot suspect Mr. Hyndman of that romantic cockney idolatry of a politically stupid and barely half-civilized occupation which makes Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc offer us mud pies as castles in Spain. The antagonism between city civilization and rural primitiveness has underlain all the revolutions just as it underlies this one. Mr. Hyndman quotes with indignation a general order to the Red troops in the Don district to exterminate the Cossacks; but it needs only a little hypocrisy and the requisite alteration of names to be eligible for Sir Hamar Greenwood's "Weekly Summary." The French Revolution did not stop to convert the farmers of La Vendée: the two parties tried to exterminate one another until the peasants were crushed, as they always are by the city men, because if the peasants had their own way there would not be any towns at all; and the peasants, having by this time forgotten how to make their own clothes and ploughs, cannot do without towns. Mr. Hyndman does not deny that the Russian farmers are better off than they were before the revolution: what he insists on is that they refuse to feed the towns, and will produce no more than enough for their own consumption. Now it would perhaps be better, as far as we can judge at a distance, to tax the farmers frankly to their capacity and compel them to produce by compelling them to pay the tax, by distraint if necessary, than to pretend, as the Soviet does, to buy their surplus produce with worthless paper money. But the Soviet leaders disclaim reliance on this expedient: they declare that they are surrounding their factories with communal farms, and that they will extend this system until individual proprietary farming is crowded off the earth in Russia. It is absurd to contend that the historic moment for this has not arrived: far more plausibly might it be alleged that it is overdue. The historic moment is the first moment at which it can possibly be done.

Mr. Hyndman, steadily intellectual as a historian at long range, is (being human) prejudiced as a current politician.



During the war he was what he still is, a vehemently patriotic "Majority Socialist." But he denounces the German Majority Socialists fiercely for voting the German war credits and not coming out as pro-Britons and Pacifists. Yet he has no words scathing enough for Lenin, because Lenin refused to vote the Russian war credits, and recognized the necessity for securing peace at any price that could be paid by a Micawber note of hand. He is equally intolerant of "the unfortunate Bolshevism and Pacifism of some of the French leaders." He can forgive neither the Germans for fighting us, nor the Bolsheviks for surrendering at Brest-Litovsk when they were hopelessly beaten, instead of bleeding to death as England's auxiliaries. This is neither Socialism nor philosophy of history: it is naïve John Bullism. Why should John reproach Fritz because he, too, found in the hour of trial that blood is thicker than gas and water?

However, Mr. Hyndman's anti-Bolshevism is not always mere Jingo resentment of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. There are moments when he seems to be revolted by the institution of compulsory labor by the Soviet Government, and by the imposition of the will of an energetic minority on the Russian people. But in his own vivid and very favorable sketch of Peruvian Communism under the Incas, he recognizes that suppression of idleness and ruthless punishment of sloth and *ca' canny* was the political secret of the prosperity and happiness of these people who always sang at their work and did not know what poverty was. For my part, I cannot understand how anyone who has the most elementary comprehension of Socialism can doubt that compulsory labor and the treatment of parasitic idleness as the sin against the Holy Ghost must be fundamental in Socialist law and religion. If Lenin has abolished idleness in Russia, whilst we, up to our eyes in debt, are not only tolerating it, but heaping luxury upon luxury upon it in the midst of starvation, then I am much more inclined to cry "Bravo, Lenin!" and "More fools we!" than to share Mr. Hyndman's apparent horror. As to the Bolsheviks being in the minority, Mr. Hyndman cites with approval "the marvellous transition effected by Japan in forty years from Feudalism to Capitalism." Immediately before this he says that "permanent social revolution and Communist reconstruction can only be successfully achieved when the bulk of the population understands and is ready to accept the new forms which have, consciously or unconsciously, developed in the old society." But he cannot believe that the Japanese man-in-the-street understood what was happening when Capitalism was substituted for Feudalism, or accepted it in any other sense than letting it happen to him just as the British laborer let the New Poor Law and the enfranchisement of the *bourgeoisie* happen to him. There never has been any such conversion of the majority of a people: all the changes have been imposed by energetic minorities. We should still be under the rule of the shepherd kings if Mr. Hyndman's Liberal generalization were true or even one-fifth true. What is true enough for practical purposes is that until the live wires of the community are charged with a new current, or with a higher potential of the old one, neither the majority nor the minority can change the social system. Even Peter the Great, with all his gibbets and racks and knouts, could not have imposed his ideas on old Russia if his retinue of able blackguards had not been as tired of old Russia as he was. The old Russians were in a stupendous majority all through. What Mr. Hyndman stigmatizes as "the tyranny of the minority" is an indispensable condition not only for moving society forward (or backward, as at present), but for keeping it alive where it stands. In England the majority will never be converted to the need for government at all: nine-tenths of us are born anarchists.

Finally, Mr. Hyndman falls back once more on Historic Determinism, and declares that the Bolsheviks must fail because the economic conditions are not ripe. This impales him on the point of his own spear, because one of the best chapters in his book, called "The Limits of Historic Determinism," contracts those limits to a tiny space in which there is room for a monument inscribed *Hic jacet Carolus Marx*, but not room for Russia. It is, he says (and proves it) "a demonstrable truth that similar forms of production sometimes have wholly dissimilar Governments imposed upon them." He shows that a single man with a conviction, like Mahomet, can start a movement which will conquer half the

civilized world, whilst movements that have the sympathy of four out of every five men in the country wither and are stamped out by a few unpopular rascals. Does not Mr. Hyndman then, as a Socialist leader, take an unnecessarily heavy risk in denouncing as untimely an attempt to do for Communism what Mahomet did for Islam, when he himself has shown that none of the Determinist arguments against the possibility of its success will hold water? His real reason seems to be that he has set his heart on England being the Holy Land of the Communist faith: John Bull again! Also, curiously enough, on the transition being a peaceful parliamentary one. The old Internationalist is a patriot at heart, the old revolutionist a pacifist.

The petulance of the days when Mr. Hyndman was a spoilt child of Nature and Fortune still flashes out from time to time in this book. One can see that he can no more work in double harness to-day than he could when he and Morris kicked over the traces of the Democratic Federation nearly forty years ago; but the general effect is one of mellowness, which encourages us to believe that Mr. Hyndman's later years have not been the least happy of his tempestuous life. Certainly his beard never became him better than it does to-day.

G. B. S.

### THE POET OF THE WAR.

Poems. By WILFRED OWEN. With an Introduction by SIEGFRIED SASOON. (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.)

THE name and the genius of Wilfred Owen were first revealed by the publication of his finest poem, "Strange Meeting," in the anthology "Wheels" a year ago. I still remember the incredible shock of that encounter, the sudden, profound stirring by the utterance of a true poet. Since that time other fragments of Owen's work have been made known, and if none so evidently bore the impress of poetic mastery as "Strange Meeting," they were a part of that achievement. We could be sure that when the promised volume of his poetry appeared it would be single, coherent, and unique.

And so it is. Here in thirty-three brief pages is the evidence that Wilfred Owen was the greatest poet of the war. There have been war-poets; but he was a poet of another kind. He was not a poet who seized upon the opportunity of war, but one whose being was saturated by a strange experience, who bowed himself to the horror of war until his soul was penetrated by it, and there was no mean or personal element remaining unsubdued in him. In the fragmentary preface which so deeply bears the mark of Owen's purity of purpose, he wrote: "Above all this book is not concerned with Poetry. The subject of it is War, and the Pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity."

"The Poetry is in the pity." Whatever the new generation of poets may think or say, Owen had the secret in those words. The source of all enduring poetry lies in an intense and overwhelming emotion. The emotion must be overwhelming, and suffered as it were to the last limit of the soul's capacity. Complete submission is an essential phase in that process of mastering the emotion with which the poet's creation begins, for the poet himself has to be changed; he plunges into the depths of his emotion to rise mysteriously renewed. Only then will the words he utters bear upon them the strange compulsion of a secret revealed; only then can he put his spell upon us and trouble our depths. For the problem of poetry is not primarily, or even largely, a conscious problem; true poetry begins with an act, a compelled and undeliberate act, of obedience to that centre of our being where all experience is reconciled.

And the further process of poetry is also an instinctive adjustment rather than a conscious seeking. The poet's being, changed by the stress of its overwhelming experience, gropes after a corresponding expression. Learning and the intellect are no better than tentative guides. The correspondence toward which the poet moves is recognized and ratified by other powers than these. And Owen's search after some garment for his new comprehension more closely fitting than the familiar rhyme arose, not from any desire to experiment for experiment's sake, but from the inward need to say the thing he had to say most exactly and finally.

Consider the assonances in the opening lines of "Strange Meeting":—

"It seemed that out of the battle I escaped  
Down some profound long tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.  
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groined,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then as I probed them, one sprang up and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.  
And by his smile I knew that sullen hall;  
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;  
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground  
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.  
'Strange friend,' I said, 'there is no cause to mourn.'  
'None,' said the other, 'but the undone years,  
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,  
Was my life also; I went hunting wild  
After the wildest beauty in the world,  
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,  
But mocks the steady running of the hour,  
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.  
For by my glee might many men have laughed,  
And of my weeping something has been left  
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,  
The pity of war, the pity war distilled. . . ."

I believe that the reader who comes fresh to this poem does not immediately observe the assonant endings. At first he feels only that the blank-verse has a mournful, impressive, even oppressive, quality of its own; that the poem has a forged unity, a welded and inexorable massiveness. The emotion with which it is charged cannot be escaped; the meaning of the words and the beat of the sounds have the same indivisible message. The tone is single, low, muffled, subterranean. The reader looks again and discovers the technical secret; but if he regards it then as an amazing technical innovation, he is in danger of falsifying his own reaction to the poem. Those assonant endings are indeed the discovery of genius; but in a truer sense the poet's emotion discovered them for itself. They are a dark and natural flowering of this, and only this, emotion. You cannot imagine them used for any other purpose save Owen's, or by any other hand save his. They are the very modulation of his voice; you are in the presence of that rare achievement, a true poetic style.

Throughout the poems in this book we can watch Owen working towards this perfection of his own utterance, and at the same time working away from realistic description of the horrors of war towards an imaginative projection of emotion. The technical refinement works parallel with the imaginative sublimation. But even the realistic poems are hard and controlled, and completely free from the weakness of emotional dispersion; while on Owen's highest plane no comparison at all between him and the realistic poets is possible. He speaks to the imagination; his poems evoke our reactions, not to a scene of horror played again before our eyes, but to words spoken in silence when all material tumult has died away; they are the expression of that which remains in the soul when the nightmare of the senses is over.

His poems are calm. In spite of the intense passion which is their impulse, they have a haunting serenity. For the poet has, at whatever cost, mastered his experience; his emotion has become tranquil. In these poems there is no more rebellion, but only pity and regret, and the peace of acquiescence. It is not a comfortable peace, this joyless yet serene resignation; but it is a victory of the human spirit. We receive from it that exalted pleasure, that sense of being lifted above the sphere of anger and despair which the poetic imagination alone can give. Listen to this "Anthem for Doomed Youth":—

"What passing-bells for these who died as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries for them; no prayers or bells,  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
The shrill demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

"What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds."

There the calm is unmistakable, and indeed so evident that one might describe the sonnet as being in the familiar

sense beautiful. Beauty of this kind is not to be found in the ghastly poem called "The Show"; but a still deeper calm is there. The poem is in Owen's later style, though the complex scheme of assonances is somewhat obscured by the arbitrary manner in which it has been printed. It opens thus:—

"My soul looked down from a vague height with Death,  
As unremembering how I rose or why,  
And saw a sad land, weak with sweats of dearth,  
Gray, cratered like the moon with hollow woe,  
And fitted with great pocks and scabs of plaques.  
Across its beard, that horror of harsh wire,  
There moved thin caterpillars, slowly uncoiled.  
It seemed they pushed themselves to be as plugs  
Of ditches, where they writhed and shrivelled, killed. . . ."

He sees the caterpillars advance upon each other, brown against gray:—

"Whereat, in terror what that sight might mean,  
I reeled and shivered earthward like a feather,  
And Death fell with me, like a deepening moan.  
And He, picking a manner of worm, which half had hid  
Its bruises in the earth, but crawled no further,  
Shewed me its feet, the feet of many men,  
And the fresh-severed head of it, my head."

There is horror at its extreme point, but horror without hysteria, horror that has been so overcome that it can be communicated direct from the imagination to the imagination. Hence there is calm.

It may be true, as Mr. Sassoon suggests in his introduction, that the majority of war poets wrote for the sake of the effect of a personal gesture, and that Owen did not. But the important difference between Owen and the rest is a difference in the power and quality of the imagination, which seems to arise in a difference in the power and quality of the kindling experience. So profound is this that we can hardly refrain from calling Owen a great poet. He had, more surely than any other poet of his generation, the potentiality of greatness; and he actually wrote one great poem. "Strange Meeting" is complete, achieved, unfaltering, and it is not solitary, for although Owen wrote no other poem which is wholly on this secure imaginative level, we cannot but regard it as the culmination of poems hardly less achieved. "Exposure" is charged with the same sombre mystery, and the unity of technique and emotional intention is almost as close. "Greater Love," which seems to have been written before Owen's final period had begun, will reveal the purity of the poet's emotion to those who may be disconcerted by his later work:—

"Red lips are not so red  
As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.  
Kindness of wooed and wooer  
Seems shame to their love pure.  
O love, your eyes lose lure  
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

"Your slender attitude  
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,  
Rolling and rolling there  
Where God seems not to care;  
Till the fierce love they bear  
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

"Your voice sings not so soft,—  
Though even as wind murmuring through rafters loft,—  
Your dear voice is not dear,  
Gentle, and evening clear,  
As theirs whom none now hear  
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed.

"Heart, you were never hot.  
Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;  
And though your hand be pale,  
Paler are all which trail  
Your cross through flame and hail:  
Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not."

But it is not this poem, beautiful and poignant though it is, which will vindicate the claim that Owen is the greatest poet of the war; it is "Strange Meeting" and certain fragments of other poems which are lifted up by a poetic imagination of the highest and rarest kind—the sad serenity of the closing stanza of "Insensibility":—

"But cursed are dullards whom no cannon stuns  
That they should be as stones.  
Wretched are they, and mean  
With paucity that never was simplicity.  
By choice they made themselves immune  
To pity and whatever mourns in men

Before the last sea and the hapless stars;  
 Whatever mourns when many leave these shores;  
 Whatever shares  
 The eternal reciprocity of tears."

And the magical metaphors of the last five lines of this concluding passage of "A Terre":—

"Friend, be very sure  
 I shall be better off with plants that share  
 More peaceably the meadow and the shower.  
 Soft rains will touch me,—as they could touch once,  
 And nothing but the sun shall make me ware.  
 Your guns may crash around me. I'll not hear;  
 Or, if I wince, I shall not know I wince.  
 Don't take my soul's poor comfort for your jest.  
 Soldiers may grow a soul when turned to fronds,  
 But here the things best left at home with friends.

"My soul's a little grief, grappling your chest;  
 To climb your throat on sobs; easily chased  
 On other sighs and wiped by fresher winds;  
 Carry my crying spirit till it's weaned  
 To do without what blood remained there wounds."

After all, it may be asked, even if we admit that Owen was a poet of unusual imaginative power, why is he the only poet of the war? Other poets—true poets some of them—have written of the war. Why are they less than he? For this single reason. The war was a terrible and unique experience in the history of mankind; its poetry had likewise to be unique and terrible; it had to record not the high hopes that animated English youth at the outset, but the slow destruction of that youth in the sequel; more than this, it had to record not what the war did to men's bodies and senses, but what it did to their souls. Owen's poetry is unique and terrible because it records imperishably the devastation and the victory of a soul.

There is a tragic fitness in the fact that Owen was killed in the last gasp of the expiring war, as he led his company ("The fresh severed head of it, my head") across the Sambre Canal on November 4th, 1918. He was, beyond all other poets, dedicated to the war. By how great an effort of will he achieved his purpose we may judge from the story lately disclosed by Mr. Scott Moncrieff, who was his friend. Owen was sent home in June, 1917, because his nerve had failed, and he was no longer considered fit to command soldiers in the field. Not for fourteen months was his desire to be sent out again satisfied. Almost immediately he won the Military Cross for gallantry. Possessing this story, we can see the true meaning of the words he wrote to his mother at this time, a month before his death: "My nerves are in perfect order. I came out again in order to help these boys; directly, by leading them as well as an officer can; indirectly, by watching their sufferings that I may speak of them as well as a pleader can." The victory of the man was a victory of the poet also.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### WESSEX WORTHIES.

**Wessex Worthies (Dorset).** By J. J. FOSTER, F.S.A.  
 With Illustrations and an Introductory Note by THOMAS HARDY, O.M. (Dickinsons, 37 Bedford Street, W.C. 42s.)

In the preface to this necessarily discursive volume the compiler manfully puts to himself these two pertinent questions—What is a Worthy? and What is Wessex? To the latter question Mr. Foster has provided himself with a plain answer, for he at once tells his readers that he is not concerned with the Kingdom of the West Saxons, which included the seven fair counties of Hants, Dorset, Wilts, Somersetshire, Surrey, Gloucestershire, and Bucks. In the book before us Wessex stands for Dorset, and Dorset alone.

To the second question, What is a Worthy? Mr. Foster returns no such plain answer, and thus forces us to make up our own minds about it, which we find a difficult task.

It ought, we think, to be clear that a Worthy cannot be either a rascal or a rogue, even on the largest scale. No one, we presume, would designate Palmer, the murderer, as a Staffordshire "Worthy," although he was hanged outside his County Gaol; nor could—so, at least, we submit—the great Napoleon be properly described as a Corsican "Worthy."

The very word carries with it the implication of a good character, whether in high life or low. A simple, country

parson, a parish doctor, a local poet, is just as much, or as little, entitled to be called a "Worthy" as is a statesman, a soldier, a sailor, a prelate, a Lord Chancellor, or a man of science. Genius, or the loud voice of Fame, may cast a lustre over a "Worthy," but his character lies at the root. Not, of course, a faultless character, nor even a conspicuously good one. County "Worthies" must be allowed their frailties, their times of storm and stress; dark shadows may even hang over certain periods of their lives, but when the whole man is viewed from the cradle to the grave, his character ought to be free from odious stains, from deeds of cruelty or dishonor. This, surely, is not demanding too much of a "Worthy"!

This important point disposed of, another, almost as important arises: Having found your "Worthy," how is he to be distributed over the surface of the land? In other words, who is a Lancashire "Worthy," a Northumbrian "Worthy," and so on?

Mr. Foster may be found tackling this question in his preface, but he is—so, at least, it appears to us—too much disposed to lay undue stress upon the mere accident of birth. A man who is born in a stable is never called a horse, and may escape being, even metaphorically, an ass. If a child is born on the high seas does that cut him off from living to become a landward "Worthy"? Surely not!

The truth is it is not birth, but breeding and local habitation that make an Englishman eligible to become a county "Worthy." A Dorset man should, wherever born, smack of Dorsetshire, and this he may do, though born in the Ionian Islands.

To make our meaning plain, we must admit that it was a shock to discover, whilst reading this book, that we were being asked to include amongst the "Worthies" of Dorset the late Mr. W. E. Forster, of School Board and Irish celebrity; and this upon the ground that he was born near Bridport. So he may have been, but he was soon removed from the locality, received his education at the Quakers' School at Tottenham, went early into business at Bradford, and, save when in London, lived in Yorkshire all his active days. Both in the eye and the ear Forster was a West Riding man. One glance at his statue on the Thames Embankment will be enough to convince you of this. There is nothing "Dorset" about him, not even his tailoring.

Quibbling about birth-places is not worth the trouble it frequently entails. Why should Mr. Foster worry his head about the birth-place of Prior, that most charming poet? There is, no doubt, a vague tradition that he was born at Wimborne, in Dorset. If he was, he was either never informed of the circumstance, or told a lie in an affidavit, a heinous offence, unworthy of a "Worthy." Prior, when a candidate for a Fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, swore that he was born at Wimburn, in Middlesex.

But wherever Prior was born, he was a Londoner from head to heel, and no more a Dorset man than Mr. W. E. Forster.

And, on the other hand, if a man, wherever born, comes to spend many of his days in Dorset, and is connected for a series of years with Dorset life and Dorset scenery, why, then, even though some other greedy county historian may put in a claim for him, no one need quarrel with the inclusion of such a man in such a book as the one before us.

For example, who will blame Mr. Foster for enriching his volume with the beloved name of Thomas Fuller, the historian of all the "Worthies" of England?

Fuller, writes Mr. Foster, "was not, to be sure, a Dorset man proper, for he was not born in the county, but he held a living in Dorset, Broad Windsor, to wit, and there he married a wife and had a son." This is, in our opinion, a better claim to be a Dorset man, or, at any rate, a Dorset rector, than any that can be urged on behalf of either Prior or W. E. Forster.

Charles Lamb mentions with approval a friend of his who, when asked to name his favorite author next to Shakespeare, replied, "Hogarth." Were any friend of ours, on being asked the same question, to reply, "Fuller," we should grin our acquiescence, for were we rich enough to own a copy of the First Folio of 1623, the only book in our meagre library we should think worthy to place by



Shakespeare's side would be the Folio of "Fuller's Worthies" (1663).

Mr. Foster has so much rich material for his charming book that it was hardly worth while to include such wanderers over England as that foreign lady, Queen Margaret of Anjou, or that foreigner at heart, King Charles the Second, close as was at one time the latter's connection with Lyme Regis. To assign to such peripatetics a domicile in Dorset is a little far-fetched, and though, it is true, their names are only to be found in an appendix as being "personages connected with the history of Dorset," they would have been better left out. Dorset has no need to go a-begging for "Worthies."

To go through Mr. Foster's index of names is impossible. It includes all sorts and conditions of men, from Cardinal Morton to the Rev. William Barnes, *par excellence* the Dorsetshire poet, and one of the worthiest of "Worthies," whilst the Introduction from the pen of the author of "The Dynasts" and "The Return of the Native" reminds us that the list is still open.

Take the three Earls of Shaftesbury, the first, the third, and the seventh! The false Achitophel, the genteel author of the "Characteristicks," and the great philanthropist! A history of England might be written round these three Dorsetshire names.

Whether the first Anthony Ashley Cooper can properly be called a "Worthy" is, perhaps, doubtful, but let him have the benefit of the doubt, for he was a friend of John Locke, and an unbribable Lord Chancellor.

"Swift of dispatch and easy of access";

and as Lord Macaulay hated him we may be sure we know all, and probably more than all, that can truthfully be said against him. And he was Dorset to the backbone.

The third Earl, who is always credited with the authorship of the aphorism "Ridicule is the Test of Truth," though he never actually penned those words, enjoyed during his life, despite his alleged infidelity, a great reputation for philosophy; and Mr. Foster is evidently puzzled how it comes about that to-day, even in Dorchester, the "Characteristicks" are so much neglected. The poet Gray could have explained this:—

"You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue. I will tell you; first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe anything at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he says. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for a new road is become an old one."—(Quoted in Johnson's "Life of Gray.")

Gray's reasons will apply to many more "philosophers" than to this third Earl of Shaftesbury; but for all that, the "Characteristicks" in Baskerville's beautiful edition in three volumes can still be read with pleasure, for if after a bit the "gentility" becomes oppressive, there is always "Tom Jones" at hand ready to redress the balance. Some authors drive you to other authors, and thus the pot of literature is kept boiling.

Then there is the seventh Earl, whose touching description of his own unhappy boyhood, and all it led up to, is worth the three volumes of the third Earl put together.

Mr. Foster gives us the following description of this true Dorsetshire "Worthy":—

"With regard to the appearance of this distinguished Wessex Worthy, the present writer has a vivid recollection of seeing him on horseback in the capacity of Lord Lieutenant of the county of Dorset, and of hearing him address the Volunteers at an inspection at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, in the 'sixties, when the plainness of his uniform, and the austerity of his strongly marked features, combined with the Biblical language he employed in his intense and glowing address, left an impression analogous to that which might have been made by one of the Puritan leaders of the Commonwealth in the Great Rebellion." (P. 92.)

But here we must abruptly close, leaving the tale of the "Wessex Worthies" far more than half untold.

A. B.

## THE VOICE OF MR. ZANGWILL.

*The Voice of Jerusalem.* By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. (Heine mann. 15s. net.)

THIS book is a collection of Mr. Zangwill's essays on Jewish subjects written in the course of the last twenty-five years. But they are prefaced by a long essay of 130 pages, written *ad hoc* and called "The Voice of Jerusalem." If the title is apposite, then we must assume that the voice of Mr. Zangwill is the voice of Jerusalem. At any rate, Mr. Zangwill talks in print with such strident and persistent volubility that it is only his voice which echoes and re-echoes in the ears of his reader. Jerusalem, if we are not mistaken, always had a weakness for the clashing of cymbals and the blowing of trumpets, and perhaps it is only right that they should also be heard in these pages; nevertheless when the clashing and blowing goes on for 130 pages, the brain tends to become paralyzed and the nerves jangled. We must confess that, if it had not been for a reviewer's conscience, the "loud music" might have proved too much for us, and we should have rested content to "pair" Mr. Zangwill's strident philo-Judaism with the no less strident volume of an anti-Semite and leave them both unread. But virtue has brought its reward. Whenever Mr. Zangwill's words allow you to hear what he has to say, you find that he has something interesting to say. Take the subject, for instance, to which he devotes many pages, and which to-day is becoming the pivot of all Jewish questions, Zionism. On the surface he appears to be more interested in his own views on Zionism and in what he said upon the subject in the year 1901, when Irving was playing "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Lyceum Theatre, than in the subject itself—a fatal defect in any writer who is not a Montaigne, a Sir Thomas Browne, or even a Mr. Bernard Shaw—and one's first impulse is to close one's ears, desperate with irritation that a man should shout in a thousand words at the top of his voice what he might just as well convey to you quietly in ten.

Yet behind this cascade of words Mr. Zangwill's mind has really worked to some purpose. His mind has the great merit of a certain amount of originality, of refusing to work merely along other people's grooves. Hence on the question of Zionism he has always taken what was, for a Jew, an unconventional attitude, and he saw, earlier than most people, the central difficulty in the problem of making Palestine the national home of the Jews. The difficulty is that Palestine happens to-day to be the national home of 600,000 Arabs, and that, even if you got rid of the Arabs, it is quite unfit to accommodate even a half of the Jewish population of the world. A real Jewish State was, therefore, possible in Palestine only if you expelled the Arabs, and even then there would be a very large Jewish irredenta. Hence Mr. Zangwill was a Zionist, but his Zion was not in Palestine, but in "Canada, Brazil, Asia Minor, or Siberia." When the war altered the whole situation, he gave his support, it is true, to the diplomacy of the Zionist leaders, but obviously with considerable hesitation. His doubts have been amply realized. He pours out his scorn upon the mirage of the Jewish State, that shadowy Zion whose twin foundations are the chicanery of the mandate system and a strategic base for the British Empire. These criticisms of Mr. Zangwill are unnecessarily truculent and rasping; but, although he will annoy those with whom he disagrees, he undoubtedly gives them something solid to answer.

Zionism is by no means the only subject which this book deals with. Mr. Zangwill's voluble stream flows over innumerable questions connected with Judaism, but we have chosen his handling of the Zionist problem because it illustrates so clearly both his merits and his defects. When he writes about "The Voice of Jerusalem," about what the Jew has said and done in the world's history, his faults seem to us to get the upper hand. "A stubborn piece of antiquity" is Charles Lamb's definition of the Jew, and Mr. Zangwill quotes it with approval. A Jew might well leave it at that. Or, if the extravagances of anti-Semitism require an answer, they were best answered with scrupulous moderation. Mr. Zangwill is an internationalist, but, as so often happens, his internationalism disappears when it comes in contact with his own nationalism. He would be the first to see the extravagances of the German who writes a book to prove that Christ was a Teuton: he fails to see

that he is walking into the same pit when he insists that Montaigne's mother was a Jew. That is why, if the merits of the Jew had to be settled by a vote, we should have to pair Mr. Zangwill with Mr. Belloc.

### POETS' CORNER.

**The Journey: Odes and Sonnets.** By GERALD GOULD. (Collins. 6s. net.)

**Wheels: 1920.** Edited by EDITH SITWELL. (Parsons. 5s. net.)

**Tomfooleries.** By TOMFOOL. (The "Daily Herald." 2s. 6d. net.)

**The Secret: Sixty Poems.** By LAURENCE BINYON. (Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.)

It will be a pleasure to all lovers of literature to observe the great strides Mr. Gould is taking up Parnassus. The present volume, containing a few odes and many sonnets alone, is his happiest adventure, "showing," as the publisher puts it, "the development of his poetic talent and increasing technical skill." Publishers who underpraise their wares are as uncommon as politicians who do not sell theirs, but here is one of them who does not give Mr. Gould fair measure. Being a poet of subtle emotional experience, in whom strength and rareness of feeling are sometimes stronger than plasticity of language striving to body them forth, he is not a week-end poet. We must linger with him and see closely within his thought, always straining after the finer mysteries, the less tangible consummations. His fault, indeed, lies in the lack of inevitability, of perfect satisfaction in a landscape of beauty held firmly within our vision. But his difficulty is never repellent in its effects upon us, even when it baffles us, so willingly do we render up our sympathy to his poetic power. But when his language does unveil the full substance of his passionate search, we find it hard to think of a modern poet who excels him in the intimate spiritual revelation of human love:—

"For love is born in pain and bred to loss;  
Others it saves, itself it cannot save.  
Its dreams are thick with fears past dreaming of;  
The lover is naked; all he had he gave:  
Only he bears, as Christ bore His own cross,  
The burden of intolérable love."

Or a fine imagery like:—

"And that great starry castle in the air  
Shakes, and doubt walks among the thousand spires,"

or the sudden simplicity, universal in its appeal, of:—

"Some call the world a shadow-world; to me  
It seems too much a world of flesh and bone,  
Of will and action, resolute and free,  
Loud as a tempest, solid as a stone.  
All these are real and must always be,  
And I alone a shadow, I alone."

In a world wherein the poets seem to feel their blind way no less than ourselves, the commoner sort, we are grateful to Mr. Gould for the spiritual beauty, the refinement of vision, and grace of melody his latest numbers unfold for us.

This is the fifth revolution of "Wheels," and though all the expected utensils—monkeys, powder puffs, ginger-bottles, hencoops, cat-faced gods, chrysopraxe, cigarette ends—come whirling off with the customary clatter, there is such a heap of this *débris* by now that we are too conscious of the backyard feeling, with its litter of broken pots and dented pans. Miss Sitwell's contribution begins characteristically "Siesta time is hot in hell," and she seems to have made up her mind that her talents, no mean ones, cannot after all face the common daylight; it might be the morning after. Mr. Sherard Vines writes of the King's daughter's garments:—

"Chelydri, chimærae,  
Sphinxes joined in battle, lycanthropes in love,"

and so on; to Mr. Osbert Sitwell the ocean

"At a toy shore,  
Yaps like a Pekinese,"

and so they all go swinging round on their hobby-horses. Mr. Osbert Sitwell is the best; there is a rich sensuousness

in "Cornucopia," and his satires, though cruel, have a diabolic power.

It is remarkable that daily newspaper verse should hold within its delicate threads so sweet and fresh a personality as that of "Tomfool." We are inclined, at first, to think that "Tomfool" is thrown away upon her job, but that impression is revised as soon as we encounter more closely the pleasure her versicles afford us. There is a great variety of metres and styles in the volume, but each single one is finished with the same neatness, aptness, and lightness, and each bead of emotional manner, whether of pity or anger or mockery or banter or gaiety or love of the world, shines true to its special humor. Here, for example, is an infectious May Day song:—

"Come, in your May-Day, carters all  
With ribboned nags and wagons;  
Let hay o'erflow your horse's stall  
And ale o'erflow your flagons."

But the remarkably equal level of the book makes quoted pieces unfair to the others. There is as much true poetry in this modest little book as there is true wit, as much tenderness as ingenuity, skill as music, and the beautiful printing of the Pelican Press is worthy of the whole.

In "The Secret" Mr. Binyon preserves the high level of dignified reflective verse, for which he has achieved a just reputation. "Noble Numbers" they might indeed be called, and the contemplative passion of the poem called "Westward" (No. LIV.) reaches a richness of content, lofty music, and breadth of vision seldom achieved in modern verse. Mr. Binyon's fault is a certain weakness in concrete visualization.

### A SWALLOW FLIGHT.

**The Swallow Dive.** By SYLVIA LYND. (Cassell. 8s. 6d. net.)

To be modern and realistic you must be depressing; not sad, nor sombre with the sense of tragedy; but determinedly miserable, in spite of any chance to lift up your heart. Never hold up to nature the exquisitely polished mirror of your imagination, except on a bad day; never speak of beauty without thinking of mutability, nor of youth without looking at the hour-glass, nor of happiness without remembering the Sophoclean warning; never mention day-dreams that have not dark complexes, nor plunge below the surface of life to where men and women live and laugh in intimacy, but to those lower depths where they cry out in the misery of their isolation.

Still, we welcome Mrs. Lynd's swallow as we always welcome the swallow. What are one's feelings as the swallow dips and skims over the bright earth? In this comedy of Mrs. Lynd's we are impressed chiefly by the poise of a tranquil spirit aware of the graciousness as well as the ugliness in life. The feeling of benignity created in the reader is marred only momentarily by the tragedy near the end. It is a mistake, not because such things do not happen, but because its reaction upon the characters and the story is not a tragic reaction. Caroline and her friends seem to regard it as a beastly nuisance.

The lyrical note, alternating with irony, and the clear observation of people and things hold us most. These give to the movement of the story its grace of distinction. We have no doubt—puzzling as she is later—of young Caroline's emotions as she gazes from the window of the Bayswater house at the rain "like a steel fence," and of her intoxicating experience of being alone:—

"It was rare, it was disturbingly full of possibilities. From the hall the ticking of the clock sounded like a clucking hen. She was conscious of all the rooms above her, their weight lightened by their emptiness. It was as if they were already lifting to be gone, to float away balloon-like with their brass bedsteads and their eider-downs, their rowan carpets and bevelled mirrors. The great wardrobes must already be standing on tiptoe! . . . What an afternoon, what an afternoon for something to happen!"

Or take the intuition into the tricks we play with our emotions and the thing seen:—

"She climbed on to a bus opposite Beaufort Street. Already there was a hint of scarlet in the sunlight. The gilt letters above the shopfronts burned. There was a

golden vane on top of the Town Hall. She looked down at the motley of the street—dusty road, dun-colored houses, grey shadows, dark-coated people with whitish faces, dark eyes, dark mouths. It suggested a pencil drawing on buff paper. So seen it was beautiful. It was only when she considered it in terms of her feelings that it seemed depressing. She must try and find the right composition whatever she looked at—see it long and low or tall and narrow—put an extreme emphasis into it somewhere—a soaring cloud like clipped snow—a tall, dark figure in the foreground."

Or the sense of unreality when Caroline feels: "Here was marriage in the same house with her, and it appeared as boxes of tissue paper. And here was Death stealing upon them, and it appeared as nothing but a going up and down stairs with trays." Whether Mrs. Lynd is talking of London streets and London people, or the beauty of Irish landscape, she is apt and exact, and the description is essential to the events of the story.

The story is as engaging as its detail is precise. Knowing little ourselves of life behind the stage, we cannot say if these pictures are correct, but Mrs. Lynd convinces us of their reality. None of the characters is an abstraction. They all have personality. Only Caroline herself at times eludes us. Her cool comments on the suicide of the unlovable neurotic with whom she had promised to elope, and then disappointed, suggest that the swallow in her swift diving has eluded her creator also. It is the only point at which we feel undecided about this provoking heroine. Tragedy is, perhaps, intractable stuff to Mrs. Lynd. But it is her accomplishment that, without falsifying life, she can bestow the lustre of happiness.

## Foreign Literature.

### DISTRACTIONS OF A POET.

**Vers de Circonstance.** Par STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ. (Paris: "Nouvelle Revue Française." 8 fr. 25 net.)

THE literary mind is a very definite and very peculiar thing. To the non-literary—to the purely practical or the purely scientific—it often seems absurd, futile, and irritating. The non-literary are at a loss to understand the preoccupations of the literary—preoccupations with forms and elegancies, with words and anecdote, and the funny little facts of life. Why should people read Aubrey's Lives, or the minor Caroline poets, or even such greater, but still essentially literary, works as "The Essays of Elia"? Why should they waste their time thus, when they might spend it so profitably in studying biology (suggests the man of science), in making money or acquiring power (like a sensible man of affairs)? The voices of the questioners become shrill with irritation as they watch the literary man, unmoved by their protests, turning over the pages of his volume of macaronic poems, or fitting together exquisitely on his own account a little triolet on the death of the parrot. Yes, the literary man is unmoved by their protests, feeling no emotion, save, perhaps, a certain pity for those who cannot share his delicately degustated pleasures. He does not hope to convert them; for he knows, wise man, that one is born literary or non-literary, just as one is born musical or unmusical, and that no amount of education or persuasion can alter the fact.

These "Vers de Circonstance" of Mallarmé may be made a crucial test of one's literariness or non-literariness. The literary will savor them sippingly, relishingly, as one savors a glass of old delicious wine. The non-literary will be moved, first by an astonishment that any man of intelligence should be such a fool as to write this sort of stuff, and then by an almost passionate irritation. The literary man will treasure it in his library along with Horace and the macaronic poems. The non-literary will end by making an uncontrollable gesture—and "Vers de Circonstance" will be on the fire.

We can understand his feelings, albeit our personal bias is literary, and we enjoy the exquisite trifling of the book. The first and most considerable section of "Vers de

Circonstance" is called "Les Loisirs de la Poste," and consists of a series of addresses written in the form of quatrains. The author explains that "l'idée lui en vint à cause d'un rapport évident entre le format des enveloppes et la disposition d'un quatrain—par pur sentiment esthétique." This is how he writes to François Coppée:—

"Courez, les facteurs, demandez  
Afin qu'il foule ma pelouse  
Monsieur François Coppée, un des  
Quarante, rue Oudinot, douze."

To Hérédia thus:—

"Apte à ne point te cabrer, hue!  
Poste et j'ajouterai: dia!  
Si tu ne fuis 11 t's rue  
Balzac, chez cet Hérédia."

To Madame Manet:—

"Sans t'étendre dans l'herbe verte,  
Naïf distributeur, mets-y  
Du tien, cours chez Madame Berthe  
Manet, par Meulan, à Mézy."

To Lamoureux, organizer of those concerts that were of such import to the Symbolists:—

"Les poètes n'ayant pour eux  
Que l'antique lyre bizarre  
Invoquent Monsieur Lamoureux,  
Soixante-deux R. Saint-Lazare."

How marvellously accomplished, how absurd, and how delightful it all is! These "Leisures of the Post," these inscriptions for fans, for New Year's gifts, for Easter eggs and albums are the apotheosis of the puns and extempore verses with which old gentlemen of literary tastes love to enliven the dinner-table conversation. Reading them, one conjures up an endearing and intimate picture of Mallarmé, the retired professor of English. One sees him, his old woman's shawl drawn tightly round his shoulders, bending over his desk and, in that clear, rather boyish handwriting of his, tracing the quatrain "whose disposition has so evident a relation with the form of the envelope." And when he has finished, when, most delicate of Procrustean torturers, he has stretched or clipped the recalcitrant address into a quatrain, we imagine him smiling to himself with satisfaction, nodding his head, perhaps even quietly chuckling. And the congenitally literary will chuckle with him.

### MORE CAMBRIDGE READINGS.

**Cambridge Readings in Spanish Literature.** Edited by J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

IN these readings, as in the Italian Readings which appeared last month, the publishers (we think) have acted on a wrong principle. The Cambridge Readings are not anthologies; they are intended mainly for teaching, and in that case the personal preference of the teacher should not be the only deciding factor in choosing the extracts. The proper method, surely, would be a committee of friends, among whom the ripe scholarship of the professor would meet the knowledge of modern conditions gained abroad by his best pupils. There is the question of orthography, for instance. It is easy to understand how Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly delights in the spelling of early editions, for he knows Cervantes as well as Don Quixote and Sancho knew the romances. But this makes Cervantes considerably more difficult and less enjoyable than he is. The object of "Readings" should be to prove to people that they are readable; no writer is more readable than Cervantes. But when the man who has only a working knowledge of the language comes across *yuan* (for *iban*) and *boluio* (for *volvio*) he probably will not see through them, and not finding them in his dictionary will conclude that Cervantes in the original is not for him. The old spelling certainly gives a patina to Cervantes, but it is the patina of a dead language. It is surely more reasonable to adopt modern spelling, except when the old has a clear phonetic value. This, however, lands us in the pronunciation of the Spanish X. . . . Among modern writers, Gabriel Miró is missing, as well as Valle-Inclán and Pío Baroja; perhaps reasons of copyright were responsible for the omission.



## APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

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**T**HE DELEGACY will shortly proceed to the APPOINTMENT of a LECTURER in SPANISH. Salary, £500 p.a., with superannuation provision. The duties will commence on April 27th, 1921. Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials, should be received not later than March 8th, by the Secretary of King's College, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

**T**HE COUNCIL OF BEDFORD COLLEGE for WOMEN invite APPLICATIONS for the POST of RESIDENT ASSISTANT BURSAR, to start work early in March. Latest date for receiving applications, February 21st.

For further information, apply to the Secretary, Bedford College, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

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Apply Education Officer (C.I.), London County Council Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for form of particulars, to be returned not later than 11 a.m. on February 26th, 1921.

Preference given to male candidates who have served or attempted to serve with H.M. Forces, and to female candidates who performed war services.

Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,  
Clerk of the London County Council.

## LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**L**ECTURER in Sanitary Science required at the L.C.C. HACKNEY INSTITUTE, DALSTON LANE, E. 8, for one evening attendance a week and a number of educational visits. Fee, 30s. an attendance, plus an addition of 20 per cent. conditionally. Candidates should be members of the medical profession, hold the diploma of Public Health, and be competent to prepare students for the examination of the Sanitary Inspectors' Examination Board.

Preference given to candidates who have served, or attempted to serve, with H.M. Forces. Apply Education Officer (Tia), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for form of particulars, to be returned by 11 a.m. on February 28th, 1921. Canvassing disqualifies.

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F. C. SMITHARD,

Education Office, Becket-street, Derby.

February 7th, 1921.

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PERCIVAL SHARP,

Director of Education.

Education Office, Sheffield.

## MIDDLESBROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

## APPOINTMENT OF DIRECTOR AND SECRETARY.

**A**PPPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of Director of Education and Secretary to the Education Committee of the County Borough of Middlesbrough. Particulars and Form of Application will be forwarded on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

Applications, stating salary required and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, endorsed "Director and Secretary," should reach the Director Education Offices, Middlesbrough, not later than first post on Tuesday, March 8th, 1921.

Canvassing members of the Education Committee or the Town Council, either directly or indirectly, will be deemed a disqualification.

EMMERSON BECKWITH,

Director and Secretary.

Education Offices, Middlesbrough, February 12th, 1921.

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## Books in Brief.

**Recollections of the Empress Eugénie.** By AUGUSTIN FILON. (Cassell. 21s. net.)

M. FILON was tutor to the Prince Imperial for eight years, and for a period private secretary to the Empress Eugénie. He left these recollections with instructions that they were not to be published during the Empress's lifetime. Many of his anecdotes are interesting, and we are sure there are many people who will read all of them with avidity. The state of nervous exaltation in which he first met the Empress abode with M. Filon. To him she remained not only a flawless beauty, but a woman of heart and brain who inspired him with "passionate loyalty." Even her little weakness for pencilling a line under the eyelashes was but an expression of her truthfulness: "It was an essential part of her appearance . . . she felt that to be seen without this would have the effect of a disguise." It is the happiest plea for making up we have heard. And how human this royal household was! Once when the little Prince was sick, "although the patient was heir to a throne, and although the porcelain basin was held by the Empress and was ornamented with crowned golden eagles, the process was the same in a palace as in a hospital, lacking none of the usual unpleasant and painful details." The Empress could be philosophic. In her old age she explained to M. Filon her husband's little unfaithfulnesses. "When a man breaks away and seeks other women," she reasoned, "he is impelled by boredom and curiosity—boredom with that which is identified with his own personality, and curiosity to know a fresh mind or fresh moods. It's the sameness, that fatal sameness—in fact, what we call monotony. One gets so used to acting and speaking and thinking together that at last neither interests the other."

**Twenty-four Portraits.** By WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. (Allen & Unwin. 21s. net.)

WHAT has happened to Mr. Rothenstein? Once few portraitists were more dependable, and there was an originality, something uncannily clever, in his work. There were many like the unhappy poet of Mr. Max Beerbohm's story, who craved for the immortality they felt would be theirs if Mr. Rothenstein would but delineate them. There is the barest trace of that cleverness in these portraits. We have had the good fortune to see a few of their subjects. Some others we know from the illustrated Press. It is to be hoped that Mr. Rothenstein has been more successful with the rest. Mr. Conrad might be a politician whose look of grim intelligence at an unbelieving world goes beyond human limits. Mr. Granville Barker simply is not Mr. Barker at all. Sir Edward Elgar is recognizable, but something essential is missing, and this is true of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Galsworthy. Mr. Shaw looks like the caricature of a caricature, Mr. Rothenstein having wiped out an expression of diabolism in the original to substitute a touch of senile benignity. Lord Haldane is better, but where is that bland, spacious geniality? In the rest it may be that Mr. Rothenstein is the noted artist of old.

## From the Publishers' Table.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY's "Queen Victoria" appears on the 10th of April. Its subject and the expectation of what Mr. Strachey's treatment of it will be make in themselves for a success of universal curiosity. But the interest will not all be in the Queen. The book contains a careful and by no means unsympathetic account of the Prince Consort. Prince Albert was too much of a Prussian ever to be popular in England, and the part that he played in English life has never been critically appraised. A third vein of interest in the book will be Mr. Strachey's sketches of the characters of the three Prime Ministers with whom the Queen's association was the closest—Melbourne, Palmerston, and Disraeli.

WE are glad to hear that there is to be a biography of Olive Schreiner, and that its preparation is now in the hands of her husband, Mr. S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner.

MESSRS. ALLEN & UNWIN will shortly publish Mr. Graham Wallas's new book, "Our Social Heritage." This book, following on "Human Nature in Politics" (1908) and "The Great Society" (1914), is the third of Mr. Wallas's psychological studies of modern social problems. It deals with the relation between the instincts with which man is born, and the knowledge which he acquires and hands on by learning and teaching. Our social heritage has existed so long that we have become biologically dependent on it, and, though we can modify it, we cannot now exist without it. This consideration leads Mr. Wallas to approach the whole problem of education from a somewhat new angle. He also criticizes both the psychological assumptions and the philosophies of Guild Socialism and Sovietism. The book ends with a frank examination of the psychological case for Constitutional Monarchy, and of the present official psychology and philosophy of the Church of England.

THE most interesting publication of the month will be Messrs. Cassell's issue of Sir Frederick Treves's "History of the Riviera." Sir Frederick is an old and experienced citizen of the coast, and he has given a good deal of time and research to its history. There are, of course, very visible remains of Roman rule (including the famous road, which became the Corniche, and the great monument to Augustus which still towers above La Turbie), as well as slighter and more confused remainings of the Saracenic occupation. Sir Frederick's book is also a picture, and a lively one, of the Riviera of to-day. It includes an uncompromising attack on the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo.

KEATS, Burton, Old Crome, William Collins, Andrew Marvell, and Dante—such are some of the names whose centenary year, or bicentenary, or tercentenary, or sexcentenary is now to be commemorated. So much will be written, and said, that it is our duty to make ourselves scarce and leave the orgies to others. At the same time, there is a historic instance of what may happen, worthy of remembrance at the moment. Twenty-nine years ago the hundredth anniversary of Shelley's birth came round. In his native place it was felt that the matter deserved prominence. At the subsequent celebrations, speaker after speaker rose to summon up the blood of the worshippers; but by a curious coincidence it was remarked that each eulogist prefaced his speech with "Although I personally have read little of the Poet's work," or words to that effect. Unless our information is amiss, Mr. G. B. Shaw had some comments to make.

To mark the Keats centenary, Messrs. Methuen have published Mr. de Selincourt's edition of the Poems, with revisions; and an anthology, similar in design to that of Wordsworth and in outward form as handsome, is announced by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson. On the actual day of the anniversary, Mr. John Lane hopes to produce "The John Keats Memorial Volume," in connection with the Keats Memorial House Fund; which has lately secured for the nation the famous house at Hampstead. In this volume a letter from Keats to Reynolds will be printed for the first time.

THE proposals for the sixth centenary of Dante's death are extensive. A strong committee has been formed, with its headquarters at University College, London, where an exhibition of books, manuscripts, and works of art relating to Dante will be held from the 2nd to the 7th of May. (Incidentally, a Dante dinner is meditated for the 2nd of May: based, for all we know, on the "Convivio.") A Dante memorial volume is in preparation. Dante lectures have been arranged locally, in connection with the various universities. The Secretaries at University College will be glad to receive, not only assistance towards the expenses of the scheme (estimated at £500), but also offers of exhibits.

MEANWHILE, the translators are as active as ever. Since Napoleon observed that "Dante's fame is increasing and will continue to increase, because no one ever reads him," a con-

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stant succession of workers, Cary, Longfellow, Rossetti, Butler, and others, have hastened to the rescue. At the present time, one may choose from four separate versions of the "Divine Comedy" published by the Oxford Press alone. And among recent books from America are translations of the "Purgatorio" and of the "Inferno."

TERENCE MACSWINEY's bibliography is given in the "Irish Book Lover." His earliest published book was "The Music of Freedom," 1907, a long national poem mainly in blank verse; his latest, a collection of poems and ballads of the Volunteer epoch, entitled "Battle-Cries," 1918. In addition to what had been printed, he left a large number of plays and poems in manuscript; four of the plays were produced by the Cork Dramatic Society. "The Revolutionist," issued by Maunsell in 1914, is to be played at the Abbey Theatre. The words in which MacSwiney described this play are impressive indeed: "I had these two things in mind, that there is a conventional revolutionist just as there is a conventional dandy; and that Death is not necessarily a tragedy or a defeat."

THERE are anthologies enough, and still they come; but, questioned as to a real English anthology of pastoral poetry, we have been unable to give any satisfactory answer. There was the pale epoch of Birket Foster, without whom no poet in the 'sixties seems to have been considered complete; opposite his rustic engravings, fragments of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Samuel Rogers, and Eliza Cook would be printed, and the reviewers doubtless described the bound product as "breathing the very spirit of the countryside." Latterly, the pastoral enthusiasm has manifested itself in books for the pocket, in which passages of bejewelled prose jostle selected sing-song, suitable for quotation on the posters of railway companies.

MR. W. H. DAVIES has written a play, which is, in due course, to be performed. The news will doubtless puzzle those admirers who regarded him only as a lyrical poet. Of the younger men, Mr. W. J. Turner is about to publish a poem of some length, entitled "Paris and Helen," and Mr. Edward Shanks's next collection is to include as title-poem "Achilles." It is not long since Mr. Huxley published "Leda." Apparently the day of the classical theme is returning.

## A Hundred Years Ago.

### 1821: A BOXING REVIEW.

AMONG the new magazines for which the year 1821 was responsible was "The Fancy; or, True Sportsman's Guide," probably the most notable journal of the ring published up to that time. It was distinctly the day of pugilistic literature. Pierce Egan's "Boxiana" was still appearing; and now this inimitable humorist of the sporting columns announced his "Life in London," with the aid of the two Cruikshanks. It is an old story how George IV. accepted the dedication and caused Egan to be presented at Court; and how, when the first instalment of the rambles and sprees of Tom and Jerry appeared on July 15th, the demand was so great that the colorists of the illustrations were unable to keep up with the printers. Then there had been "The Fancy," by J. H. Reynolds, the friend and close correspondent of John Keats, with its witty ringside verses:—

"It is life to see a proud  
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,  
Up to the P.C. stakes and ropes,  
Throw in his hat, and with a spring  
Get gallantly within the ring."

In this promising atmosphere the star of the new "Fancy" rose above the horizon. It was a journal conducted by "an Operator"; its form was robust and handsome, and included plates in the best style; its aim, a slightly puzzling one, "to support the system of old English Boxing in preference to the hired Assassin, the Dagger, the Pistol, and the Poisonous Draught." The first editorial words are

in keeping: "Come, Reader! let us shake hands." After this the affair is hurried on with horrible vigor, round after round; and yet not without that regard for the British Constitution, the Classics and the Muses which dignifies all the literature of the period. We are taken round all the principal sporting houses; Jack Randall's Nonpareil Club at the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chancery Lane; Harry Holt's in Long Acre, "one of the prettiest parlors going, but unfurnished with a single graphic adornment—as unenriched with burin or pencil as an Unitarian chapel"; Tom Belcher's, and many another. We may rub shoulders with "the Swells" (a term then apparently at its zenith) while they puff a cloud or two in the gallery, or sun themselves at the door.

Fights were fights in 1821. A typical account is that of the match between George Wilson, better known as "Oily," who hailed from St. Paul's, and Bob Harris, of Clerkenwell. Both wanted a year of twenty. One sentence from the description is enough: "From the 18th round to the end of the 57th when George sung out 'enough,' both showed weakness." In such days, of course, gloves were merely used to train the novice; they were defined as "ameliorated leather." Many of the great battles took place on Crawley Downs; where as many as 20,000 spectators would assemble, even though "money was demanded for the right of *entré* in varied sums, according to appearances."

Nor were the activities of the champions confined to the ring. The "Times" records how at the Coronation, "Cribb, Robinson, and Randall, the former dressed in scarlet, with a blue sash," were installed in the Hall and the Abbey, "for the more effectual maintenance of order among the well-dressed visitants."

## Exhibitions of the Week.

**R. I. Galleries:** The Modern Society of Portrait Painters.  
**Leicester Galleries:** The Senefelder Club.

THE last exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters included a number of faked Post-Impressionist pictures painted by members of the Society under assumed names. The joke fell flat. But it has had the result of making us suitably alert at the M.S.P.P.'s exhibitions. We know now that we are dealing with the *enfants terribles* of modern art, who delight in pulling the public's leg, and we keep therefore a sharp eye for further examples of their special sense of humor. As we tour the walls we find ourselves wondering whether Mr. Glyn Philpot's "Portrait" may not possibly be intended as an exquisitely subtle parody of Watts, or Mr. G. W. Lambert's "Mrs. Elkin Mocatta" a rollicking joke at the expense of Mr. Augustus John; or whether, with characteristically impish gaiety, the members of the M.S.P.P. have agreed, this year, to sign one another's pictures indiscriminately. But though humor may be hidden anywhere in this exhibition, on the surface it is most unconsciously dull, and it contains very little good or even adequate painting. The most satisfactory exhibits are Mr. Gerald Kelly's two male portraits—which tell us something about the sitters and convince us that the artist has done his best—Mr. Lambert's drawing of Major Mocatta, and Mr. Hugh de Poix's pastel, "Girl Thinking," which is much more serious in feeling than the work he was doing in 1914. Mr. de Poix's five years of service have evidently broadened and deepened his outlook.

There are many interesting lithographs in the Senefelder Club's Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, and examples of the whole gamut of the medium's possibilities. This gamut is so large and the variations within it are so numerous that practically all artists of importance are tempted, sooner or later, to experiment in it. The lithographic stone responds with marvellous docility to the most divergent demands. It can be soft and silvery at the dictates of Whistler, Rothenstein, or Charles Shannon, or dark and crisp as in the hands of Wadsworth; it can transmit perfectly the special touch of Fantin-Latour, Corot, and Millet, of Augustus John, Forain, and Alvaro Guevara; and it is almost equally submissive when it comes to reproducing

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